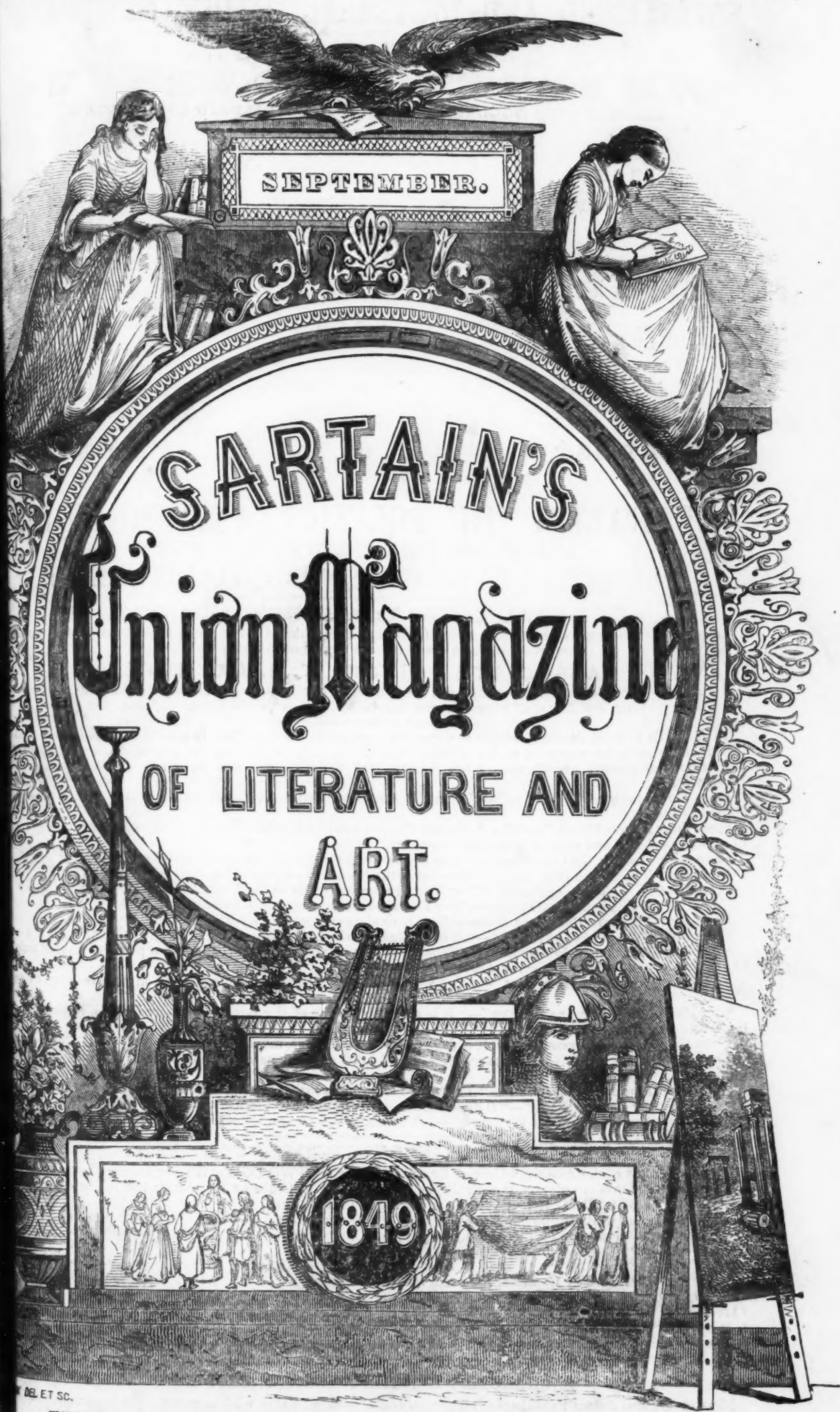


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SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. V.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1849.

No. 3.

MR. ELWORTHY'S HEIRS.

A TALE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST GROUP.

As travellers from distant points, unconscious of each other's existence, set forth in the morning with one common object in view, the reaching a certain hostel at night, so is it almost daily in the great journey of life. At one and the same moment various individuals, as yet unknown to each other, are drawn by circumstance or destiny towards some great meeting point.

These meeting points are curious; we advance towards them as if with our eyes shut; we know not when they will occur, nor how much they will involve. From them arise the most momentous incidents of our lives—often sad enough, often strange enough.

I am about to make you, dear reader, *clair-voyant* with regard to three such groups of pilgrims on the every-day journey of life. You shall see them in their various places of abode, on one particular evening in April, and you will then see how they are all journeying unconsciously towards each other and towards one object; literally and metaphorically towards a certain landed estate in the north of England, where, having arrived, like the travellers at the hostel, they shall, as by an irresistible fate, be again separated as if to the four winds of heaven;—for there are separations which divide more completely than half the globe.

Our first little group consists of but two women, Mrs. Mildmay and her daughter Honour. They are sitting in a small but neat room, looking out upon the sea at Hastings; the tide is out, the slant rays of the setting sun kindle up the beach and the sea and the low gray rocks which rise up above the level of the low water sands, with a golden radiance. It was a lovely evening, warm and balmy as June, and many people were out picking up shells and pebbles, and enjoying the finest

sunset of what had hitherto been a late and uncongenial season. The two, however, who occupied this little room, and both of whose countenances wore the quiet, subdued expression of sickness and sorrow, seemed indisposed to turn out this evening. The mother sat on the sofa at her needlework, the daughter in the little bow-window, apparently gazing on the lovely sunset, and on the groups of people on the beach.

The feelings of both mother and daughter were alike at this moment; each had a communication to make, and each felt timid in making it;—we fear so much to distress those we love, we shun to touch upon painful subjects, even when the first poignancy of the first pain is past, so sacred to the gentle heart are the feelings of those we love. The daughter's eyes were fixed on the objects without, but she was thinking not of them; the mother glanced up from her work with that sick, sinking feeling of heart which every anxious spirit knows too well. A writing-desk stood open on the table before her, and she thought painfully of certain papers within it, the contents of which must be communicated, and now the time was come when it could not be much longer delayed. She had so often put off this evil day, she must put it off no longer. She thought over the words she would use; how she would try to soften that which was hard; she would never confess how much she had herself suffered. She made two or three attempts to speak, but her tongue or her heart failed her, and perhaps she might have deferred her communication till the morrow, till the morning, that her daughter might at least have one more quiet night's rest, as she had so often done before, had not Honour herself risen from her seat, and, placing herself by her mother's side, said in a low but firm tone of voice.

"I have long wished to have a confidential talk with you about many things," said Honour,

rising and seating herself by her mother. "I wish you really to understand, dearest mother, and to believe that there is no need for anxiety on my account. I have been now for some time quite reconciled to things as they are. I acknowledge that it requires a great effort before we can submit to adverse circumstances, but that effort is not beyond our strength, and when once we are submissive, there comes such great peace of mind, and new paths open and new sources even of pleasure, so that I could almost believe that we should not only be contented, but learn to see that everything is ordered for the best, and that if we had the ordering of our own destiny we should make blundering work of it, and have but little cause to rejoice after all. I have come to see this, dear mother, very clearly, and now, I beseech you, have confidence in me; cease to have that sad, anxious look which distresses me so much, more than any of those old troubles which I once thought so much of, and which have made me so selfish."

"My dear child," said her mother, "you have not been selfish, you have behaved very heroically; you have had a great trial to bear, and God has enabled you to bear it!"

"Yes, indeed he has," continued Honour, who was anxious to continue the conversation which it had required a great effort to commence, "and your goodness also, and your patience with me can never be forgotten, and have many a time strengthened me when otherwise I must have sunk. And there is nobody in this world so true and kind as yourself, and I now feel it as a blessing and a privilege to be a life-long companion to you, and I mean to devote myself entirely to you and to making you happy, and I know that in so doing I shall be happier than I ever have been, or ever should have been, only in another way, in a way that God has appointed for me and not myself; and that is much better, for God is wiser, oh, so much wiser than we! Will it not be so, dear mother; shall we not be very happy together?"

Tears were in the mother's eyes, as she lifted the trembling hand which she held in her own to her lips, and Honour continued:

"But, mother dear, you must consent to one or two things; first, you must cease to be anxious about me, for indeed there is no need of anxiety on my account. It is only while the mind is wavering and tossed about that we are unhappy, only whilst a single regret remains, a single longing after that which God has forbidden to us, that we are unhappy, but when the mind is made up as mine is, and we can conscientiously say, I have given up all, then that which was dark becomes clear, and the uncertain assured, and there is nothing

left to be done but to go on straight forward and in peace, and perhaps in great joy. This is what I feel at present, and you, dearest mother, must feel it with me, and you must still strengthen me as you have hitherto done, and to do this you must cease to be anxious for me, for that you are so I can see plain enough. Yes, dear mother, you press my hand, you confess it. Oh, why are you so? what can I do to assure you that I am contented, that I am happy? There is then no need for anxiety. Nothing but happiness lies before us, happiness in our united affection, in our friendship, in our love to each other, for there is nothing in this world to compare with the affectionate friendship between a mother and her daughter. Yes, of this I feel sure, a new life lies before us, a better life than the old one, and if I can only see you look as care-free as you used to do, then I shall be happy, very, very happy! But then, dear mother," continued she in a tone of less exaltation, "I have to ask from you a sacrifice; perhaps it is selfish to require it, but I hope not, I think not. Do not let us return to N—. There is something painful to me in the thought of returning thither; there we must fall again into the old routine, and seeing the same people and the same scenes would recall daily and hourly old associations and old habits—habits of mind, I mean, which would be weakening to me. I do not wish to meet Frederick's—Mr. Herbert's friends," said she, as if correcting herself, with a peculiar expression of voice which her mother well understood—"it would be very painful and unpleasant, and therefore I have thought, if you would consent, that we would not return to N— at all. Let us go abroad for the summer; let us quite change the scene, and you will see how I shall rise above that which has made me so unhappy, and what a beautiful new life will begin for us both. I mean from this time to put myself to school, as it were. I shall study hard, and read none but solid, improving works, so that I may strengthen my mind, that the heart may not run riot in very idleness, as women's foolish hearts so often do. 'Love in idleness' has a deeper meaning than people think, therefore I will not be idle. I will work hard and give a purpose to my life, and in this way I shall be very happy. I feel something of this happiness already; and this I believe seriously, that there is nothing better for us than to have to overcome some enemy, some weakness or besetting sin, for if we seek in sincerity to overcome, strength is given to us, and one victory over ourselves insures us many others. In this way there is no fear of sliding backwards, because at every step forward additional strength is given to us for the next. Is it not so, beloved mother?"

"Bless you, my child," said the mother in reply, "bless you for these words, for this assurance of strength, but have you ever thought that God in his wisdom may see meet to try you still farther, to lay yet other burdens upon you?"

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Honour with a blanching cheek, "what new trial is there, for such your words imply. Tell me all—let me know the worst; it cannot be so very severe, since you are spared to me."

Honour looked into her mother's face, and it seemed to her as if that beloved countenance had at once become twenty years older; every line seemed furrowed, a deep pallor overspread it, and the lips quivered.

"Oh! gracious Father in Heaven!" exclaimed Honour "be merciful to us? Tell me, my mother, are you ill, or what fearful misery is weighing upon you?"

"God will strengthen you to bear this, as he has strengthened you to bear other sorrows," said the mother, speaking slowly, from her unwillingness to reveal tidings which she knew her daughter to be unprepared for, "but I feared to tell you, because I would not willingly have added one feather's weight to your troubles. You have yet other trials to bear.—We have lost, darling, our little income:—the firm of Harriman and Payne has become bankrupt, and thus my annuity is gone. My child, how will you bear this? It is more on your account than my own that I am distressed."

Honour made no reply, for this intelligence was to her like a thunderclap. For the moment she felt stunned, and all the gloomy weight of poverty seemed crushing her frame. Sterner causes than the indulgence of her own wishes would now compel them to give up their former pleasant and comfortable home, which, but a moment before, her own inclination advocated. There was no romance to her in poverty; she understood too well the realities of life for any such delusion, and she felt overwhelmed.

Her mother, who had expected a more visible effect from her communication, seeing her thus apparently calm, continued in a calmer tone herself.

"Yes, it is a very dreadful thing for us who have no other dependence, except your poor godmother's forty pounds a year, and most unfortunate it was that your poor dear father left his money in this miserable firm, instead of investing it where it would have been safe; but then he had such confidence in them, and I should as soon have expected the bank of England to go as their house. I could not tell you at the time, dearest, for it was just after we came here, and when you were so ill. Mr. Woodley wrote and told me first that there

was a suspicion about the house, and then in January, when the payment was not made as usual, I wrote to Mr. Harriman, and he sent me the money, saying that owing to great failures abroad they would be compelled to stop payment, but that, considering the hardness of my case, they should, at great inconvenience, make this last payment to me, and the next week their bankruptcy was gazetted. Of course, everybody at N. knew our circumstances, but I took care that no hint of it reached you, for I thought at that time that it would have killed you."

Honour pressed her mother's hand, but spoke not, and her mother continued.

"I am convinced that some knowledge of this had reached Frederick Herbert, and that is the true explanation of his conduct. He is now settled in Warwickshire. They say that he has entered into partnership with a solicitor; but, dearest child, he had no real affection for you, and such being the case, it is a blessing that you were not united to him before this loss of property was known, or yours might have been a miserable life. Ah, you are weeping, darling? Well, I do not object to tears, they will relieve you, only lay your dear head on my shoulder, and let me support you, and I will go on, for I have a deal to do, as you may imagine, and now it will be a great relief to tell you of that presently, there are other things which come first. When I saw that my annuity was gone, which enabled us to live so handsomely, and with it the prospect of after provision for you, and that we had nothing at all to rely upon but your godmother's money, I determined to give up our house at N., to which, for many other reasons, as you say, it was not desirable for us to return. Everything, therefore, was sold by auction, and sold better than I expected. The Bellairs, the Walpoles, and the Woodleys wrote very kind letters—I shall show them all to you some day—I hardly knew that we had so many friends. Several of our poor neighbours bought little articles at the sale, because they said they would have something that had belonged to the Mildmays; but that which affected me most of all was that poor old Job Wood wrote to say, that if five-and-twenty pounds, which he had saved, would be of any service to us we should have it, and he would never trouble us about it while he lived, and everybody was so anxious about you, darling, and even the school-children, Mrs. Timmins said, spoke of you every day, and many of them cried when they heard that you were not coming back, and would never teach them again."

A sentiment of tender and pleasing regret passed through the head of Honour. "Poor,

dear children!" she said, in a low voice, and her mother continued.

"Yes, dear, it was altogether a sad, anxious time, as you may believe, and you ill all the time."

"But I am now well," interrupted Honour, raising her head from her mother's bosom, "and had I only known this before I should have roused myself, I only needed the motive. We women too often need only the motive to rouse ourselves, when without it we droop in sentimental sorrow, and are a burden to ourselves and others. You will see now that I am strong—now I shall work for you."

"Yes," continued the mother, without replying to her daughter's words, "it was an anxious time, but I put my trust in God, and I believe that he will not forsake us. I wrote one evening, when I was very low, and all the more so because I was obliged to keep everything to myself, to Mr. Wilbraham, and told him exactly how things stood, and asked his advice. I do not know exactly why I wrote to him, excepting that your father had so high an opinion of him, and he knew our circumstances so well, and as it has turned out, I think I did right. He was then in the Northern Circuit, and the letter was sent after him. I had his reply only the other day. It seems that after he left York, he had professional business with a Mr. Elworthy, a friend and client of his, which took him to his residence somewhere on the borders of Westmoreland. This gentleman he represents as a man of high character and great wealth, although of singularly secluded habits. He lives very retired on his estate, and has devoted himself for many years, since the death of his wife, to the improvement of his tenants, and the poor people around him. He has very enlightened views on education, and, having had a very successful boys' school on his estate for many years, he is about to establish the same for the girls. He has built a school-house, to which is attached a dwelling for the mistress; he intends to pay a salary of a hundred a year, and there will be the house rent free, with a garden and croft for the keep of a cow. Mr. Wilbraham says that this cottage is extremely pretty; the country round beautiful, and the people themselves simple and kind in their manners. Of course, there have been many applications for this situation; not a clergyman or dissenting minister for many miles round but has some candidate to recommend; none, however, have come up to his requirements. Mr. Wilbraham laid my letter, which he had with him, before this good Mr. Elworthy, warmly recommending you, dear Honour, and myself; and so successfully, that Mr. Elworthy enclosed a letter in one from Mr. Wilbraham, offering us the situation, if you will accept it.

Mr. Wilbraham strongly advises it," and here Mrs. Mildmay opened her desk, and taking out the two letters, put them in her daughter's hand; "read them," said she, "and you shall decide, and I think that you will agree with me that we ought to accept it, for thus, at all events, we shall have a little independence, although we may have to work for it among strangers."

Honour read the letters, and decided as her mother had already done.

It was astonishing how little the loss of income seemed now to affect the mind of the younger woman. The motive for exertion, as she had herself foretold, raised her above her former enfeebling sorrows. Her soul seemed now to breathe a purer and a more bracing atmosphere, and her whole being was the better for it.

It was soon arranged that they should remove immediately to the north, and enter upon their new sphere of duty. There was no time, therefore, to sit with folded hands and drooping head, pondering upon the painful past; both mother and daughter, now in the midst of occupation, looked, as it were, only upwards and onwards, and cheerfulness and hope, which had been strangers to them for many months, now again found their way into their hearts, and began to beam upon their countenances. Mind and body were alike regaining health.

At this point we must leave them for the present, and return to that same April evening when we saw them first.

CHAPTER II.

SECOND GROUP.

WHILST Mrs. Mildmay and her daughter were further arranging their plans, and a letter was written accepting the situation of village schoolmistress in Almon-dale, another family circle was gathered round their fireside tea-table, busy also with their future life-plans, with which it was ordained that Honour Mildmay should very considerably interfere.

This little family party is met at Woodbury, a small country town in the very heart of England, and at least two hundred miles from Hastings. It consists of Mrs. Dutton, a very respectable widow lady and old resident of that place, and her four daughters, two of them already married,—the eldest, Mrs. Beauchamp, to the principal medical man of the place; the second to a Mr. Cartwright, a man of good family and considerable landed property in the neighbourhood; Natalie, who was still in her preferment; and the youngest, Elinor, "the pretty Elinor Dutton," as she was called.

Mrs. Dutton was a managing woman, with a small income. She took a high position among the gentry of Woodbury and its neighbourhood; visited a great deal; dressed well, and married off her daughters greatly to her satisfaction. Mr. Beauchamp had a great practice, and made a large income, and Mr. Cartwright was only one remove from being heir to a baronetcy, and though he was a coarse-minded man, and his wife not very happy, yet it was of small consequence; and now the pretty Elinor would be married also before long. The family party was assembled this evening to meet her intended for the first time as her accepted lover.

If Mrs. Dutton had had twenty daughters she would have married them all, because all the world believed on her confident assurance that they would inherit the large estates of their uncle Elworthy, in the north of England. The good people of Woodbury always spoke of them as heiresses, and as such I can assure you everybody paid them the utmost attention. They had lovers without end, they were invited to every party and pic-nic; they were, in short, very popular young ladies.

So confident was the public opinion with regard to the golden prospects of the Duttons, that trades people who would not have trusted an honest poor man a shilling, vied with each other as to which should have the largest amount against them. The bills for Mrs. Cartwright's wedding clothes are not yet paid, and it would be very edifying to see how assiduous everybody will be in pressing wedding articles upon Mrs. Dutton, when it is generally known that Elinor is to be married to Mr. Frederick Herbert, the young lawyer who is just come from London, as partner to old Mr. Cheatham, the great solicitor of the place and neighbourhood.

The appearance of this young man, with his handsome person and popular manners, who was in future to divide profits with old Cheatham, had caused some six months before quite an excitement in Woodbury, especially among the mothers and daughters. It might indeed be said, in scarcely a metaphorical sense, that he was received by the ladies with open arms. He was immediately as popular as the Duttons themselves. Mr. Cheatham gave a dinner to introduce him to the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and this dinner led to a great deal of visiting, in which the Duttons, the Beauchamps, and the Cartwrights were, of course, included. Mr. Cartwright's property had been in Cheatham's hands one way and another, for many a long year. A prodigious intimacy grew up between Cartwright and the young lawyer.

The little world of Woodbury soon began to

talk, and before many weeks were over, Frederick Herbert set about to release himself from an old love affair, which he began to find inconvenient. This was soon done, and he thought himself doubly fortunate when he learned soon afterwards that owing to the great failure of Harriman & Payne, the poor Mildmays were almost penniless. If the Bellairs, and the Walpoles, and the Woodleys, friends of Honour Mildmay's at N—, were full of indignation at the false-heartedness of Frederick Herbert, who, like Honour, had been born and bred in the town, and to whom every body believed him attached as well as engaged for years, still as his uncle, who had brought him up, was a man of some consequence in the place, nobody thought it worth their while to quarrel with him and his family, on Honour's account; so the Bellairs, and the Walpoles, and the Woodleys, visited with the Herberts, just as usual, and for all that the world could see, troubled themselves no further about the affair than to remark whenever the subject was mentioned, "Poor Honour Mildmay! she was shamefully used by Frederick Herbert, and if she had had a brother, he would not have dared to do so!"

Frederick Herbert was at liberty, and Mrs. Dutton and all the family were impatient for the proposal, which they, together with the whole town expected. As a matter of course, it came.

It had been made in form to the mother this morning; it was a mere form, for they all understood each other; and now, in this particular evening in April, Mr. Frederick Herbert drinks tea with the Dutton family, for the first time as the openly accepted lover of the pretty Elinor. The married daughters were there, the husbands were to come later in the evening; perhaps, indeed, they might not come at all, for Beauchamp was very little at home, and Mr. Cartwright very seldom went where his wife was, least of all to her mother's, towards whom he had very long ceased showing any respect; and yet what an amiable, good mother-in-law she was! always spoke of him as her "son Cartwright," and most religiously shut her eyes against his defects. He would not indeed have been expected this evening at all, if it had not been on Herbert's account, and Mrs. Dutton therefore had lobster-salad for supper.

Tea was now ready, the water bubbling in the handsome urn, and the silver tea-service on the tray, while the table was covered with cakes and muffins, and marmalade, and the most delicate of bread and butter, for though it was but a family party, yet the occasion was rather ceremonial.

Mrs. Dutton wore one of the best of her many

best gowns, and had a profusion of white French satin bows in her cap. She looked really handsome, as she sat in her large chair, with her feet on a footstool, watching her yet matrimonially-disengaged daughter preparing tea.

At that moment the door opened, and Elinor, with her beautiful black ringlets drooping to her bosom, entered leaning on her lover's arm.

"Well, dear," said her mother, addressing her, when they were seated round the table, "have you told Frederick about your uncle Elworthy?"

"Not a syllable!" said Elinor, laughing, "I thought we could do it so much better together. Caroline can tell about her visit, it was so comical; and you must tell about that horrid Richard—I never can bear his name. All I shall tell is that Uncle Elworthy is a queer old man, as cross as possible, and that he has a great rambling estate, consisting of peat bogs and stony sheepwalks, and that when I was there last it rained for a fortnight without ceasing, and that there are horrid caves and "pots," as they are called, in the neighbourhood, to which Uncle Elworthy makes you go, and that the people are as rude as savages, and do nothing but knit, both men and women, and that uncle Elworthy has a school where he tries to civilize them, and to which he takes you every other day; and that I never was so tired in all my life, as when I was there last; and mamma was obliged to set off and come away before her visit was half done, lest I should affront him."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Dutton, laughing, "you must not believe a word she says, Frederick; Mr. Elworthy is a fine, original character, one of the most benevolent of men living—"

"Only think," interrupted Elinor, "of his benevolence to his savages, being so great as to make him try to persuade mamma, after Caroline's marriage, to take Emma and Natalie and me to go and manage a girl's school for him. I never heard of such a thing! If it had not been Uncle Elworthy's scheme, how affronted we all should have been!"

"You silly child," returned her mother, "when I get you all off my hands, I'll go and manage his schools. There is nothing I should like better than to settle down for life in that beautiful place. It is really a noble estate, Frederick," said she, "and such shooting! With my brother-in-law's management, he must have from ten to twelve thousand a year, and the old tenants live on, quite at nominal rents. However, he does not spend much, and what is lost on one hand is saved on the other, and it will be all the better for my girls one of these days. It is a beautiful place, quite a little district, for the greater part of the whole valley

called Almon-dale, belongs to him. The house might be a very fine place if it were kept up, but he only occupies a part of it. The principal rooms have been shut ever since his wife's death; in fact, the house has never been finished. The situation is very fine, at the head of the dale, screened from the north by a high hill, called Hibblethwaite Fell, a continuation of the hills which inclose the valley, but at this point much higher than elsewhere, and in fact the highest hill or fell as it is called, in the neighbourhood. Behind this hill is an extremely wild glen, where lie the caves, something like the famous Yorda's cave in that district, of which Mr. Elworthy is so proud that, poor man, he drags all his visitors to see them. If you know anything, Frederick, of the dales of Yorkshire, you will understand which Almon-dale is, only that it is the smallest and the loveliest of them all. There is the rocky stream, winding along the bottom, with its little tributaries collected from the peaty morasses at the fell-heads, or tops of the hills, and which come gurgling down among the stones, bordered with alders and ashes. I know all Mr. Elworthy's tenants, for I made a point of becoming acquainted with them, but I am not very fond of them. Their manners are simple and old-fashioned, but they have cunning enough to find out the way of imposing dreadfully on poor old Mr. Elworthy."

Frederick Herbert asked Mrs. Dutton to give him the history of this gentleman. Every particular regarding one from whom he hoped to obtain so great an advantage was interesting to him.

Mrs. Dutton was delighted; she liked nothing better than to talk of Mr. Elworthy and Almon-dale.

"The grandfather of the present Mr. Elworthy," said she, "had two sons, William and Richard; William, the oldest, was the father of my brother-in-law. Richard, like the prodigal son of the Gospel, took the portion of goods that came to himself and went to London. He married a woman without property, died, and left a son penniless. This son, then a boy of fourteen, was taken by Mr. William Elworthy, his cousin, at that time about two-and-twenty, and who was in possession of his estate for his father had been dead several years, and by him he was adopted almost as a brother. He was bred to the law; but he was worthless and unprincipled, and has turned out that really bad man of whom you will have much to hear."

"Richard Elworthy?" inquired Frederick, interrupting her, "Elworthy, Elworthy?"

"The very same," said Mrs. Dutton.

"I know something of him then," returned Frederick, "he is of the Middle Temple. Everybody knows him—a black-haired fellow with

very white teeth, who has the most astonishing antiquarian knowledge—nay, who has knowledge of every kind; reads in the British Museum, and is always going to dine with some Lord or other, and asks you to lend him half a crown because he has forgotten his purse. I know him! he is a clever fellow, but a worthless scoundrel. So then this is the famous heir-at-law of which Mr. Cheatham has spoken."

"But Mr. Cheatham does not think there is any chance of his having the property?" asked Mrs. Dutton, in a little alarm.

"Not the least," returned Frederick, "but I have heard Elworthy himself speak of it. Why, the fellow carries a pocket-map of the property with him, and contrives to gull Jews and money-lenders by his claim of heirship. But he is the heir-at-law," added the young man, as if to show his perfect disinterestedness, "he would take all if Mr. Elworthy died without a will or the property descended to the heirs-male."

"But it does not!" said Mrs. Dutton, triumphantly, "my husband saw the title-deed at the time of his sister's marriage, and besides, I have heard Mr. Elworthy say, times without end, that Richard never shall have one farthing's worth of the property. I know how the property is to be disposed of. I therefore make myself as easy as if we had possession already. My brother Elworthy has almost chivalrous feelings as regards his tenants, and he never would leave them in the power of an unprincipled wretch like his cousin, to whom, independently of other causes of dissatisfaction, he always attributed the death of his wife. It was quite a tragedy, I assure you, and so dotingly fond of her as he was! His mind was quite affected by her loss; he shut himself up for a long time, and would see nobody but the nurse and the baby that she left. It was the universal opinion that my husband must remove from Woodbury and take charge of the place for him. It was what we wished, for we would have made any sacrifice to serve him. However he preferred keeping the management in his own hands, and it was better he did so, for the exertion that it required, both of body and mind, did him good. But he told my husband at that time that he had made his will, leaving everything to him and our children, whom he always regarded as his own blood relations. They were the nearest relations of his wife, and he knew that this would be according to her wishes. His health was greatly shattered by her death, and it left a heart-complaint which may remove him any day, so that it became additionally incumbent on him to decide the disposal of his property by will. And this I know has been done for years.

"It is my firm conviction," continued Mrs. Dutton, about to express the wishes of her

heart, "that he will not be a long-lived man. He has hardly yet attained middle life, it is true, but then he is extremely imprudent; he is a great sportsman, and walks immense distances on his shooting excursions, which is the worst thing for him. But he is obstinate on the subject of his health, as is not uncommon in such cases."

"Henry left him a prescription when we were there," said Mrs. Beauchamp, "and wished to lay down a system as regarded regimen and exercise, but he was so dreadfully angry about it that I begged him to leave him to himself."

"Do tell Frederick about your wedding visit, Caroline, and of all the sins that you and Henry committed," exclaimed Elinor.

"Nonsense, child, how can you be so foolish!" interposed Mrs. Dutton, who hated the idea of representing Mr. Elworthy as capable of being offended. "You all of you owe love and obedience to your uncle; he stands in the place of a second father to you; I regard him as such, and consult him on every important affair. There is the letter, Frederick," said she, pointing to the chimney-piece, "directed to him, which I have written to inform him of your proposals, and I say now, as I said before, that if he knows of any valid objection to this connexion it must be given up."

"Oh, mamma, how can he?" exclaimed Elinor, gazing with beaming eyes on her lover. The lover made no reply, but he was thinking whether Mr. Elworthy could possibly know of certain things which he should prefer remaining untold, and he said in a voice that appeared perfectly natural, "I have heard that he is a man of wayward and arbitrary temper; I shall therefore be cruelly anxious until his answer arrives."

"You need not fear him," said Mrs. Cartwright, whom daily domestic unhappiness had made unamiable, "he does not trouble himself very much about us. He will neither give his consent, nor yet withhold it, as he did with Caroline and me; he will, however, offer his good wishes and a hundred pounds for wedding finery, as he calls it, and that will be all!"

"A capital uncle, a very good uncle, on my faith!" said Frederick, laughing, "such a letter as that will do, will it not, Elinor?"

Mrs. Dutton, who saw that her daughter Cartwright was angry, and fearing lest she might say something which it was not desirable should be said, determined herself to take possession of the subject, and therefore again addressing Frederick, she began: "You spoke of our beloved relative as a man of wayward and arbitrary temper. I suppose Mr. Cheatham may have spoken of him as such. Naturally he was so; naturally he was a man of a most violent and uncontrollable temper; poor man,

this was the cause of great suffering and sorrow to him, as I will tell you, but he is very different now. He is now an amiable recluse—a man of a reserved character and original mind. But I must give you a sketch of a small portion of his life.

“Just after the peace, when everybody went abroad, my husband’s family went to Paris; there was old Mrs. Dutton, my husband, and his sister, then about twenty. She was very handsome—the handsomest English girl at that time in Paris, and she became quite the rage. She had many lovers, both French and English, and among the latter one Philip Chimery, a young man of good property. He was desperately in love with her; it was like something in a story, for he used to watch under her window for her going out, and followed her wherever she went. But she refused him, although it was said that her father wished her very much to marry him. Just then Mr. Elworthy made his appearance, and he too fell in love with her at first sight. She was just as much taken with him, and as he had a handsome property—superior, I believe, to Mr. Chimery’s—her father gave his consent, and they were to be married before they returned to England. It was strange that after this Mr. Chimery should still remain intimate with the family, but so it was. Elworthy was a very violent-tempered man, and I expect that Chimery took every opportunity of exciting him, because he wanted to place Elworthy in an unfavourable light before the family, more especially as old Mr. Dutton, who was anything but a good-tempered man himself, made a great point of good temper in others.

“The family removed to Cassell, and both Elworthy and Chimery accompanied them. They had not been long there when there was some lover’s quarrel between Elinor and her lover, which produced a momentary coolness. Elinor was seen walking in the garden with Chimery, which so much excited her lover that he struck Chimery in the presence of his mistress. Elinor, who had good sense equal to her beauty, was so much shocked at the unreasonable jealousy and violence of Elworthy, that she refused to ratify the marriage, as had been intended, and, after a deal of trouble and sorrow on all sides, they returned to England, and many doubted whether the marriage would ever take place.

“About twelve months after their return, old Mr. Dutton’s affairs became embarrassed, and he must have been entirely ruined but for the timely aid of Mr. Elworthy, who, in the most noble manner, came forward and placed such a sum of money in the hands of the principal creditors as satisfied all. This was done without even the slightest suspicion on the

part of Mr. Dutton, and the most intense gratitude, as you may suppose, filled the heart of the daughter. It was a noble peace-offering, and of course there was no farther impediment to the marriage.

“That Mr. Elworthy was passionately attached to his wife cannot be doubted; indeed I never saw such love. She was very fond of her brother, my husband, and I have yet a packet of love-letters tied up and labelled, which I found among poor, dear Mr. Dutton’s papers. They are beautiful letters—for I went through them all after her death, and I never read anything more affecting. They were written after her marriage, and describe the place and their way of life there, and show how much happiness she must have enjoyed. She speaks in them of my children, and calls them her darlings, for she had been married six years before there was any prospect of a family. In one of them she says how much she would like to have one of my children for her own. I have shown my brother Elworthy these letters, for I wished him to know what her feelings were towards them—not that he wants anything to prompt him, but I was sure he would be gratified to see her wishes expressed thus freely.

“At this time they were living at the old family house—a large rambling farm-house, half-way down the dale—for the hall was not begun until two years before her death. Great, however, as was her affection for her husband, and happy as her life might have been, there was a terrible drawback—that same Richard Elworthy of whom we have spoken. He considered himself as the heir to the property. He had had a home with his cousin from the time of his father’s death, and in spite of these and many more obligations, he did all in his power to sow dissension and produce mischief. It is not necessary to go into all the details, although I have had them from old Mrs. Hawes, the housekeeper, who was a favourite servant of poor Mrs. Elworthy’s, and who has lived in the family ever since; but there was some terrible quarrel on the day of the poor lady’s death. Elworthy was justly enraged with his cousin, whose part she took, for she always tried to be a peacemaker. This greatly excited her husband—some people said he was jealous, others also that it was a scheme of Richard’s, who had determined that there should be no heir to the property—God only knows. However, her husband parted with her in anger—his last words to her were in anger—and in four-and-twenty hours she was dead.

“It was, as you may imagine, a great shock to him, and his mind was affected by it. His aversion to Richard now became perfect abhorrence, and I believe that they have not met for

years. My sister-in-law left a child, which, however, did not live many months. But the most extraordinary part of the story is, that after her death he gained so complete a mastery over his temper that he has hardly been known to give way to it since."

"Henry says," remarked Mrs. Beauchamp, "that, but for this control of a naturally irritable and violent temper, he could not have lived as long as he has done, but that, notwithstanding this, his heart-complaint will some day suddenly carry him off—that he will be found dead in his chair or his bed."

"I always believe," said Mrs. Cartwright, "that Mr. Cartwright had been taking instructions from Henry, when he walked him over the moors, one hot day, twenty miles without stopping. Poor old gentlemen, he turned restive at last, and would stop for the night at a public house."

"You should not talk in that way!" said Mrs. Dutton. And yet, good lady, she herself often built beautiful castles in the air which were based on this same affection of heart. Everybody knew that she did so, although she outwardly expressed no other sentiment than sorrow for his complaint, and hope that it would spare him many a long year for the enjoyment of his beautiful property. She often said that there was nothing she would like so well as to end her days in the country, that it agreed so well with her health, and that, when her daughters were all married, she should want just the occupation which a country life would afford her. It was remarkable also, as Mrs. Cartwright said, that she never thought of her children enjoying this country life with her. She always tried to persuade them that Henry could not leave his practice, that Mr. Cartwright—nobody called him "James"—would not leave his own "beautiful property," and of course that it would be much more to Mr. Herbert's interest to stick to his profession; when Natalie married it would be so with her husband; so, of course, all the actual enjoyment of the Almon-dale property was to be Mrs. Dutton's and nobody else's. Poor lady, if such was her intention, she reckoned sadly without her host's. The Almon-dale property would have been an apple of discord if it had fallen among these expectant heirs.

Mrs. Dutton's communications to her intended son-in-law were very satisfactory. It must not, however, be supposed that all was new to him; the main fact—the confidently expected heirship of the Miss Duttons to their uncle's fine property—was well known to him, the minor details were mere nothing.

One idea, however, occurred to him, as it occurred to many others, namely, suppose after all that Mr. Elworthy should marry again. It was not impossible; he had hardly attained middle age, although it was a notable fact that the Duttons always spoke of him as if he were old; they wished to persuade themselves that he was so. He was also apparently hale, and strong, and active, and likely enough for life, spite of that affection of the heart, the danger of which they would so willingly have augmented. Now, this being the real state of the case, where was the Duttons' chance, any more than the chance of Richard Elworthy, supposing he married again, and had direct heirs?

Frederick Herbert did not put this important question to Mrs. Dutton herself, but he put it, before he made his proposals to her daughter, not only to the wise old lawyer Cheatham, but to other parties equally disinterested, and all agreed that he would not marry, that he was not at all a marrying man, and that if Mrs. Dutton would have gone with her daughters, and looked after his schools, and could have been contented with the simple, secluded life that he led, they might have had a home in Almon-dale, and literally have come into possession of the place during his lifetime. But, good lady, she had walked according to her own wisdom, which was to get her daughters well married. It was very natural, and no one could blame her, least of all Mr. Elworthy. But as to his marrying! People were quite sure that he was the last man in the world to marry again, and quite as sure that the Miss Duttons would be his heirs.

Very satisfactory! Mr. Frederick Herbert therefore proposed for the pretty Elinor Dutton—her uncle's favourite it was said, and the one who bore the name of his beloved wife—and, as we know, was accepted.

(To be continued.)

THE BEAUTIFUL THINGS OF EARTH.

WHAT are the beautiful things of earth?
The looks of flowers? a child's sweet mirth?
The glory of woodlands waving wide?
Or man's rich glance of hope and pride?
The faith that speaks from a girl's clear eyes
For the untried life that before her lies?
Lovelier looks than these are on earth:—

The fruits that last when flowers are gone;
The patient smiles of sickness wan;
The martyr light in a strong man's eye,
When he clasps the right in agony;
The glance more sweet than faith e'er wore,
Of the love that lives when faith is o'er:—
These are the beautiful things of earth.

CHRIST WEeping OVER JERUSALEM.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

(See Engraving.)

"He beheld the city, and wept over it."—ST. LUKE.

Who lingers thus on Olivet,
And from its breezy crown,
On the fair city at its base
So mournfully looks down?
And why, amid the groups that bend
As if in wondering fear,
Thus from those eyes of love divine
Distils the gushing tear?

Came there in vision to his soul
The desolations deep,
That o'er yon fated city's bound
Should all resistless sweep?
The Roman cohorts fired with wrath,
Dire famine's blackening wo,
The flame that wrapped the temple's dome,
The ploughshare driven below?

Or did he trace on Calvary's brow,
Mid the red lightning's glare,
The blood-stained cross, the burdening guilt
That He for man should bear?

The platted thorn, the piercing spear,
The doom of shame and dread,
From which the guarding host of heaven
In shuddering terror fled?

Oh tear of Christ! that once before
A tender witness gave,
In sympathy with mortal grief
At friendship's holy grave;
For this in every time of wo
Thou as a brother art,
Who in our pains, but not our sins,
Didst deign to bear a part.

When, through the watches of the night,
In lone despair we wake,
Blest Son of God! thy love reveal,
Though all beside forsake;
And let the thought that Thou hast wept
Quell each repining moan,
And the pure balm-drop of thy tears
Prevail to soothe our own.

THE PIONEER'S VISION.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

WHERE upon Ohio's waters laughing fell the sunrise clear,
In a white tent's lessening shadow, sat a hardy pioneer;
To the youthful wife beside him thus he spake—long
years ago—
Meanwhile casting wary glances round him for a lurking
foe.

"Alice, dear, last night a vision came upon me while I
slept,
'Twas no band of stealthy demons on my troubled fancy
crept;
Nay, this wilderness was smiling with the old world's
polished grace,
For the coming age before me had unveiled her blooming
face.

"Busy hands had tilled the meadows; through the forest
paths no more
Rang the war-whoop of the savage—now his bloody reign
was o'er.
So I took a fearless ramble, strangest things did I behold!
Things that tongue of Arab princess, story doomed, had
gladly told.

There were cities by the waters, there were cities on the
plains,
And across the wide savannahs men had opened crystal
veins;
Through them, to the mighty rivers, glided many a curious
load,
While adown our stream's bright bosom, lo! a groaning
monster strode!

"Once he paused, then panting, steaming, flapped his
heavy wings again,
And I saw at his departure that his jaws were lined with
men;
Half I wondered if the people had not chartered Jonah's
whale,
Or leviathan so famous, for an inland pleasure sail.

"Iron steeds flew o'er the country, Jehu-like, no bit, no
rein,
Driven by fire, they seemed black comets, dragging out an
endless train;
On they dashed into the cities, though I saw not spur nor
goad—
Halting there, behold! each emptied from his train a
human load.

"Booted like the seven-leagued stepper, nothing could
arrest my tread;
Stretching o'er me and the mountains now I spied a
quivering thread.
"So," I murmured, "then the spiders catch the spirit of the
day,
Only spinning world-wide cobwebs can their mad ambition
stay!"

"Soon I scouted my own folly—this new thing mankind
had done—
Yea, dread lightning on their errands o'er this wiry path
must run!
He becomes a public tell-tale,—just the instant that he
hears,—
Whispering the nations' secrets into brother nations' ears.

"Now I trembled lest some party, travelling in a chariot
cloud,
Might be thrown by wind-steeds restive on my fated
head; but loud
Rang a voice that woke me, crying, 'All these things shall
surely be!'
If those were true, Alice, we shall no such wonders see.

"But we've learned a myst'ry deeper than the wondrous
talking wire;
O'er thought's chain how leaps, through distance, sym-
pathy's electric fire!
Care we not for new inventions, near or absent, gentle wife,
Love, the telegraph of angels, is the magnet of our life!"



ANNUAL OF JOHN LARSEN—THE ORIGINAL OF CLINTON R. A.

ODDS AND ENDS OF TRAVEL.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

LONDON SIGHTS—PICTURE MODELS—LADY
BLESSINGTON.

WHILE we send to the old world our river picture, three miles long—and doubtless to the great edification as well as delight of those of our foreign friends who are prone to complain that they cannot find, in our artistic attempts, anything correspondent with the vastness and freshness of our “stupendous geography”—it seems remarkable that some of the enterprising getters-up of our great shows should not have taken hold of the London “picture models” as the very best way of giving the very life and spirit of a distant and foreign scene. To such perfection is this art of illusion carried, that there is scarcely any demand on the imagination of the spectator; natural features, build-ings of whatever complication or elegance, the light of night, or day, or twilight, every-thing that can interest and instruct the eye, is represented so artfully, that a visit to the scene could scarcely leave a more vivid impression of its characteristics; and all is accomplished within a comparatively small space, and on a surface which may almost be called flat, when we compare its actual inequality with the apparent distances produced by an exqui-site adaptation of the principles of perspective.

My first acquaintance with this striking form of “Art for the Million,” was at the Colosseum, in Regent’s Park, where we saw the city of Paris, with its fountains and gardens, its public buildings and long rows of lighted streets, represented in a circular view, which we contemplated from a balcony which sur-rounded a central cylinder. The change from the outer air and the glare of day to the dark pavilion in which we stood was such that at first the panorama looked poor and pale, and for a few moments no illusion was produced. As the eye became accustomed to the cool light, and the silence had its effect upon the imagination, the recollections of London faded away and we found ourselves in Paris, looking down from some church tower upon the evening aspect of that great and beautiful city. The garden of the Tuilleries was visible, with a dis-tinctness and truth in which our after acquaint-ance with the reality found nothing to correct; the Place de la Concorde and its sparkling fountains looked as large, as splendid, as real, as it did the next week to our every-day eyes; the Seine flowed softly beneath its many bridges,

with a motion so evident, that it is difficult even now to believe that water or magic was not put in requisition; the trees of the Rue Rivoli with the lamps among them; the column of the Place Vendome in its peopled solitude; the long array of the Boulevards, traceable by means of the brilliant lighting of their innu-merable shops and *cafés*, were all there; and over the whole scene shone a full moon, so silvery, so at home in the dark blue sky, so potent on the redder earthly lights, so quiet and pensive on the far heights of Montmartre, that the assurance of our cicerone that all this beautiful world of life and space was within some five and thirty feet of us was hardly credible. We could almost hear the busy hum of the vast population, the roll of wheels, the sound of martial music. Far from resembling those large dioramic pictures, such as Bel-shazzar’s Feast, which once made a great sensa-tion in this country, but which, with all their splendour, required no little abstraction of the thoughts and exertion of the imagination to invest them with anything like reality, here seemed to be the very things themselves; some of them almost beneath our feet, others miles distant, while the intermediate spaces were so accurately and marvellously apportioned that we could give each street its relative width, and what is still more remarkable, see it in its whole natural size, with its houses, columns, churches, trees, or whatever might be its striking or characteristic landmarks. How this effect was produced I tried in vain to discover, the advantage of evening light allow-ing the artist a certain indistinctness or melting of outlines which baffled my most searching gaze.

On leaving this scene of enchantment, we found ourselves again in sunshine, and after a promenade in the circular gallery, where statuary and music refresh the wearied senses, we were shown to the region of Alpine scenery, where, in broad daylight, a new and equally wonderful illusion presented itself.

Here were tall, rugged cliffs, from whose rocky sides fell cataracts of sparkling water, which flowed away in rocky channels at our feet, water-lilies floating in the stiller pools, and reeds and ferns overhanging the current. Our path lay along the side of this broken stream, now spanned by a rustic bridge, now shaded by melancholy firs. On a high, toppling cliff reposed the lammer-geyer, from a green

cleft peeped out a *chalet*, while at the termination of our ramble we found ourselves in a Swiss cottage, which leaned over the edge of the brawling water. And this in Regent's Park, London! New York, with her Croton, could show a mimic Trenton or Niagara as easily and with as good effect.

The Surrey Zoological Gardens, situated on the south side of the Thames, offer, besides a very extensive menagerie, a variety of attraction and amusement, such as has never been attempted at any similar establishment in this country. The animals are admirably placed, each as nearly as possible amid suitable picturesque surroundings, and within reach of the plants he likes best, or the appliances required by his habits. Fine broad gravel walks, wealth of vines and trailing plants of all kinds; trees, cottages, conservatories, curiosities, conspire to give variety and beauty to the whole place. Merely as a public garden, I have never seen one in which so many pleasant and instructive things were collected, great flower-shows are held here, and it was my good fortune to see an exhibition of dahlias and other autumnal plants, gorgeous as a dream of Cashmere. The crowd was immense in particular spots, but in general there was plenty of space for pleasant walks. A considerable stream flows through the grounds, giving occasion for several ornamental bridges, among the rest that of our countryman, Remington, who, with much difficulty, obtained permission to erect it here, and who dates from that time the rise of his fortune. This water is, of course, an inestimable advantage in a place where picturesqueness is so desirable; for, besides being itself indispensable in a landscape, it affords means of endless variety in the numerous exhibitions which delight the Londoners year after year. Groups of fine trees overshadow it here and there; temples mirror themselves in its calmer depths; in one spot it represents the Avon, flowing past a fac-simile of the house of Shakspeare; in another the Tiber, with the castle and bridge of Saint-Angelo, and all Bernini's fluttering statues, so familiar to the eye that has studied Rome. Not far from where the river expands into a lake, is a pavilion, open on one side; in this, concerts are given. Jullien's band performs nightly, and there is besides very good popular singing, which always draws the multitude from whatever else of most attraction may be presented in other places. This love of music is very pleasant; and I could not see but the English common people have as much of it as the mass of any other nation.

When I was at the Surrey, the grand pictorial show was Rome, including, as I have said, the Castle and Bridge of Saint-Angelo, and also a

distant view of Saint Peter's and a sufficiently accurate representation of Trasteverine Rome, with its tall houses, and characteristic style of architecture. Here was a picture-model by daylight, and the effect was remarkable indeed. The soft, misty atmosphere of Rome was there to the life. A purple twilight seemed just settling upon roofs and domes. The west had its glow, the higher sky its soberer hue, and the hour, corresponding to the actual one, was so perfectly expressed, that one forgot that the same scene had equally well represented morning to the morning beholder. As the twilight deepened, lights appeared in the windows; Saint-Angelo fired an evening gun; the sentinels (boys dressed to represent soldiers, marching up and down behind the battlements of the castle,) were changed at the roll of the drum, and a moment later commenced the first or silver lighting of Saint Peter's. Every outline of church and cupola was described in white lamps, so naturally that, although I had recently seen the true, I was quite able to give myself up to the simulated, and fancy myself once more gazing from the Pincian on one of earth's most beautiful pageants. As the clock struck nine, the golden fires flew from point to point, obscuring the more modest radiance, and making the whole one blaze of splendour. At this instant commenced an attack upon the castle. Rockets and Roman candles gave the signal for the onset, but cannon were liberally used for the battle, and a flotilla on the lake blew up most satisfactorily. The whole concluded with the girandola or grand burst of fireworks, exhibited in Rome only on great occasions from the castle. I have never seen fireworks comparable to this exhibition; and after it was all over, Saint Peter's shone on as if nothing had happened, and the lights in the windows of the distant streets burnt as naturally as ever. The whole was a most striking and beautiful show, and I felt quite ambitious that something of the kind should be attempted here. At present the grand picture-model at the Surrey is the town and fortifications of Badajoz; the water personating the Spanish river Guadiana, and the bridge a certain stone one of twenty-eight arches, prominent in the history of the Peninsular war. On the left is the Rivillas, a branch of the Guadiana, and in the distance several detached forts and other public buildings. The storming of this post in 1812 having resulted in one of Lord Wellington's most celebrated victories, the representation of the assault, and the carrying of the castle, delights the Londoners, who are never tired of dwelling on the exploits of "the Duke." The exhibition follows the letter of history: "The Cathedral of St. John's struck ten, when the storming party silently moved forwards; one solitary musket was discharged beside the breach, but

none answered it. The divisions were now on the brink of the sheer descent, when a gun boomed from the parapet. The earth trembled; a mine was fired; an explosion—an infernal hissing from lighted fuses succeeded, and, like the rising of a curtain on the stage, in the hellish glare, the French, lining the ramparts in crowds, the English storming parties descending the ditch, were distinctly visible to each other, as if the hour was noontide. A tremendous fire from the guns of the place, which had been laid upon the approaches to the breach, followed the explosion. Undauntedly the storming party cheered, and bravely the French answered. A murderous scene ensued, for the breach was utterly impassable. * * * * The contest lasted about an hour, fire-balls continually lighting up the scene; the cheering and bugles sounding the advance being heard above the roar, when the place was carried by storm."

Strange to say, this scene, with its lurid lights, its martial sounds, and all the din of war, suggests no thought of bloodshed and death. It is simply a splendid spectacle, and we think only of the skill of the artist. One is not in the humour even to draw a moral lesson from it, of the waste and cruelty of war. Yet, to my taste, the picture-model is the best of the show, though the fireworks are of a wonderful splendour and beauty.

The Colosseum has now a moving picture of Lisbon and the Tagus, with the earthquake of 1755, said to be a "marvel of mechanism." London has also panoramas of Switzerland, including the Valley of Rosenlaui, with an Alpine storm; a representation of Cashmere; the interior of the church of Santa Croce, at Florence; and other equally picturesque and elegant exhibitions, all offered at prices of admission so moderate, that we are justified in considering the capital of the world rich in "Art for the Million."

The Countess of Blessington, whose death by apoplexy is lately announced, has long been so conspicuous a person in the world of literature, fashion, and taste, that it required some little resolution to renounce all mention of her and her splendid residence, in any reminiscences of London. I may be permitted now, however, to record something of the impression made upon me by the elegance of her appearance, the truly amiable expression of her countenance and manner, and the world of art, wealth, and beauty in which she lived. Death gives no license to impertinent or invidious remark, but it may be considered as removing the seal from recollections which include only what is favourable.

Lady Blessington's "Recollections of Lord

Byron," various pictures which I had seen of her, and a general reputation for grace and beauty, made me desirous of seeing her, and glad to accept a letter of introduction from a friend in this country. An invitation to Gore House was the consequence, and I was ushered into her ladyship's library by two liveried footmen, at least six feet high, having their hair powdered in that most peculiar style known only to English servants, as I think—viz., in separate spots of thick dead white, as if flour had been laid on by spoonfuls, leaving the remainder of the hair nearly its natural colour, and giving a very odd, magpie look to the unfortunate wearer.

The apartment was such a blaze and complication of luxury and gorgeousness that all particulars escaped me at once; but I remember that I looked directly through it upon as lovely a rural scene as can be found in our own western woods—a climax of elegance and taste which London affords, in the midst of all her unimaginable sophistications. To look out from such a room upon Kensington Gardens, with their fine old trees, their acres of velvet sward, and their belts of rich shrubbery, is indeed the last refinement of luxurious ease. But the lady who advanced to meet me soon drew my attention from inanimate objects. She was splendidly drest, not loaded but ornamented with rich jewels, and wearing besides a pleasant and genial smile, which disclosed a fine set of teeth. Her complexion was faultless; a truly Irish bloom sat upon her cheek, and her eye was so unmistakeably good-humoured and friendly, that it was impossible to feel like a stranger in her company. She did not strike one as a high-bred person, but rather as one who stood upon her own merits, felt secure of pleasing, and was willing to be agreeable to those who were willing to be pleased. Nothing could be more beautiful than her hands, snow-white and of the most delicate shape, and as she stood, negligently crossing them before her, I observed on a table near a silver model of them, life-size, the same which was lately sold with other pretty things, on her departure from London.

She was sitting with General Aguilar when I entered, but as the gentleman took his leave soon after, she kindly showed me various curiosities, and took me upon the verandah which looked upon Kensington Gardens, where were birds and plants. After this came the pictures, some by Sir Thomas Lawrence, many by Count D'Orsay, marks of whose skill as an artist were visible on all sides. The drawing-room was completely hung with pictures, a full-length of the Duke of Wellington, another of Lord Blessington, one of Count D'Orsay, one of Byron, and many others of considerable

interest. The furniture was splendid in the extreme, and the doors were mirrors in gilt frames, an improvement of luxury which I do not remember having observed in this country, and which I think would puzzle a backwoodsman not a little, since all means of egress seem cut off when they are closed. The most beautiful thing in this room was a portrait of Lady Blessington herself, taken in her youth, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, as lovely a face and form as ever poet fancied.

There was still another room, which seemed a receptacle of things curious as relics, &c.—some mementos of Napoleon, of Byron, of Count D'Orsay's father, and of many friends of Lady Blessington. The number and variety of objects included within this apartment put all enumeration out of the question, but I remember there were some exquisite miniatures.

I went to see Lady Blessington very much

in the spirit in which I sought any other London show; but really the friendly grace of her manner, a certain heartiness of reception, and the spirit of her conversation, at once independent and modest, quite turned the edge of my prejudice, and made me like her in spite of myself. She was evidently conscious of beauty, but who is not? and a little disposed to boast of the friendship of the Duke of Wellington and other people of eminence, which we cannot wonder at. But the leading impression was that of a warm Irish heart, and a certain frankness which threw itself at once upon the generosity of the hearer. Her countenance and manner justified what is said of her readiness to serve any and every one who needed her kind offices; hers was truly a face to go to if one wanted a generous friend. A half hour's interview sufficed to make me feel a sincere regret at the news of her sudden death.

THE CHAPLET OF BRONZE.

BY EDITH MAY.

"On! could I melt my spirit into song,
And dying triumph!" The slow, silvery notes
Rose from her lips, as smoke rings from a censer,
Gay dames and gallants whispered, the young nobles
Stood with averted eyes, and the rude crowd
Aped their indifference. Holding with her looks
The scorn that coiled to spring, she sang, and drave
Melody to the utmost bounds of sound,
Marcia the Florentine. The orchestra
Pealed forth its loudest, but triumphantly,
As the white sea-bird skims the waves, her voice
Outrode the storm of music!

Suddenly

A note shot upward, and suspended hung,
As if on poised wings. A single voice
Cried "Bravo!" as slow dropped from that great height,
It seemed to fathom silence! Then upborne
By music, as a bird that's swung to rest
By the lulled waves, the singer's voice kept on,
Swelling and falling with the sound that bare it.
Low bent the lover to his lady's ear,
And she sat trifling with her gilded fan;
All through the indifferent crowd, above, below,
Only averted faces met her eyes,
Who had been wont to hold the multitude
By her sweet voice as in a silver leash.
With scarce a bend of her white neck, she turned
And passed out from their sight.

The gilded curtain
Swept to the footlamps, and the orchestra
Thundered again. But to and fro the crowd
Swayed with mute restlessness. Some one cried out
"Amalia!" and a thousand voices joined,
"Amalia!" To the painted ceiling slow
Crept back the screen of drapery.

There were fountains,
Green groves, and arbours, in the scene before them,
With what seemed moonlight glittering over all,
And through one avenue that pierced the distance
A single voice came floating.

'Twas a child
That up the aisle, advancing to the footlamps,
Drew near, and with her hands locked carelessly

Sang with a fearless joyfulness. Her voice
Was fresh as May-winds, wilder than the lark,
That swoops and circles in its upward flight,
Delirious with music. Scarce the ear
Marked how, through labyrinths of song, it held
One clue of melody—its notes, like pearls,
Strung on the silken thread they half concealed;
Her voice was but the sail her happy spirit
Urged to its utmost through the waves of sound.
When Marcia sang, each silver arrow sped
True to the mark, but these seemed flung at random;
No bird that sings amid the summer leaves
E'er voiced his spirit with such deep delight;
And when she ceased and the loud orchestra
Took up the strain, the multitude o'erwhelmed it
With a continuous thunder.

Soft! a voice!

And through the distant scenery came a form
That paused midway, and with white, lifted arms
Held up what seemed a crown of woven leaves.
Then "Marcia!" "Marcia!" fled from lip to lip,
And with the tempest of her shouted name
The high walls trembled. Her magnificent head
Bent at the crowd's applauses, as the prow
Of some grand vessel sinks to meet the waves,
And lifting high the wreath, she cried, "Come hither.
Hither, Amalia!"

With meek, folded arms,

Low bent the singer.

Yet suspended hung

Over her brow the fatal type of fame,
The laurel crown, till Marcia smiled. It fell,
Not fluttering slow, but with a sudden quickness;
And as it dropped, loud thunders of applause
Blent with the crash of music. Some stood still,
For through the tumult a prolonged, wild shriek
Was faintly audible. 'Twas but a fancy!
Still Marcia smiled, and still Amalia bent—
The smile seemed graven upon Marcia's lip—
And now Amalia, sinking to her knee,
Bent lower, lower, lower, till her brow
Pressed down the border of the robes that swept
From Marcia's zone, and Marcia had no rival!

THE INDIAN'S TRANCE.

A FACT WITH NO FANCY IN IT.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME.

Just one hundred years ago, that is, in the year 1749, as it is written in La Trobe's History of the Moravian Missions among the Indians of North America, a famous chief of the Delawares, by the name of KEPOSH, came to the missionaries, and desired to be baptized. He was four-score years of age, and the frosts of so many winters were on his venerable head. Death could not be far from him now, but, what was strange in the old man's case, he had been dead before—at least they thought so who saw him stretched on his mat, stiff and cold as if the ice of death had chilled him for ever. He had been ill for some time, and now that he had ceased to breathe, and the paleness of the dead was on him, the Indians who stood around him thought that his spirit had gone to the land of spirits, and having made all the necessary arrangements for the burial, they sent messages far and near to invite his friends to meet and pay the parting honours to his remains.

At the end of three days Keposh awoke from his swoon. It was nothing more; but those three days had been eventful days with the warrior chief. As he awoke he wondered at the crowd that gathered around him, but was soon able to tell them what mysterious things he had seen and heard, during the long sleep that had fallen upon him. A shining figure of a man, in flowing robes of white, had appeared to him flying in the air, and lifting the chieftain from the earth, had spread before him a list of his own sins, and the sins of his people, and there, midway between earth and heaven, this spiritual prophet had exhorted him to forsake all his evil ways, and to lead his people to turn from theirs. This was many long years before the missionaries had come among them. This trance was not the dream that followed the thoughts of a waking hour, when religious truth had been pressed hard upon his conscience. It was the vision of a savage in the wilderness, who had never heard of the Great Spirit, except in the storm-wind, and the voices of the wild prophets of the forest. Yet he listened to the angel who came to him in his swoon, and obeyed. He awoke with firm resolution to turn from all his evil ways, and become a better man. He turned *reformer*, and began to reform himself first, that he might the more consistently and efficiently plead with others.

This story, strange and striking, was well known among the Indians, who testified of it to the missionaries when they came among them. They had seen the struggles of Keposh to resist temptation, to overcome the strong but evil passions of his savage nature. They had heard his wild and eloquent appeals that they too would renounce their sins which had been registered in this catalogue, and displayed to him in the air, when the shining messenger came and spirited him away. But he did not succeed in reforming himself or others. He tried to be a good man, and failed. But the moment the missionaries came among the Indians, Keposh heard them, and believed. Here was the way to be a good man made plain, and he gave in without the resistance of an hour. Keposh was baptized, and in a good old age, with the hope of a Christian, he entered the spirit-land. It was no dream there. He was once more met by messengers clothed in white, and they caught him up into the air: but he did not return. He had gone to his rest, rejoicing.

I think much of such a fact as this; showing as it does the analogy between natural and revealed religion, and opening a new chapter in the subject, that we shall do well to study. It will help us, too, if we add to it another and more striking incident, that may be found in the life of David Brainerd, written by President Edwards. The fact must have passed under the revision of that eminent Christian philosopher, and was deemed of sufficient interest and importance by him, to have a permanent record in the life and diary of Brainerd. The passage in the diary is quoted by Southey in the notes to one of his poems, and there I first met it, and was struck with its strangeness and power. Brainerd describes the peculiarly savage appearance of a man, who came to him, having never seen a missionary before, and then the missionary writes:

"I discoursed with him about Christianity. Some of my discourse he seemed to like, but some of it he disliked extremely. He told me that God had taught him his religion, and that he never would turn from it, but wanted to find some who would join heartily with him in it. For the Indians, he said, were grown very degenerate and corrupt. He had thought, he said, of leaving all his friends, and travelling

abroad, in order to find some who would join with him; for he believed that God had some good people, somewhere, who felt as he did. He had not always, he said, felt as he now did, but had formerly been like the rest of the Indians, until about four or five years before that time; then, he said, his heart was very much distressed, so that he could not live among the Indians, but got away into the woods and lived alone, for some months. At length, he says, God comforted his heart, and showed him what he should do, and since that time, he had known God, and tried to serve him, and loved all men, be they who they would, so as he never did before. He treated me with uncommon courtesy, and seemed to be hearty in it. I was told by the Indians, that he opposed their drinking strong liquor with all his power, and if at any time he could not dissuade them from it by all he could say, he would leave them and go crying into the woods. It was manifest that he had a set of religious notions, which he had examined for himself, and not taken for granted upon bare tradition; and he relished or disrelished whatever was spoken of a religious nature, as it either agreed or disagreed with his standard. While I was discoursing, he would sometimes say, 'now, *that* I like, so God has taught *me*,' &c., and some of his sentiments seemed very just; yet he utterly denied the existence of a devil, and declared there was no such creature known among the Indians of old times, whose religion he supposed he was attempting to revive. He likewise told me that

the departed souls all went southward, and that the difference between the good and bad was this, that the former were admitted into a beautiful town with spiritual walls, and that the latter would for ever hover around these walls in vain attempts to get in."

The good Brainerd goes on to say, that this Indian seemed to have something more like true religion, than any other *heathen* he had ever seen, and this will be the opinion, beyond all doubt, of those who read the story.

Whence did this untutored pagan learn these wonderful truths? He had never seen a white man. He had never seen a printed page. He had never had, to his knowledge, a revelation from the Great Spirit. But he had plainly been taught of God. It might have been as in the case of Keposh, in the night, when deep sleep came upon him. He might have dreamed of the future world, as Keposh did, and his mind, taking its hues from the Indian notions of the spirit-land, may have had a vision of heaven, strangely answering to that which the holy John beheld when in a trance on Patmos.

I have no *sermon* to preach upon these two cases. They are the most remarkable upon record, so far as my reading has reached, and are worthy of being studied by the Christian philosopher. They go to prove that there is in the soul of man a conviction of the truth of revelation and answering to its teachings when they are brought into contact. They are worth thinking of, and will awaken thought.

WON'T YOU COME ALONG?

BY IGNATIUS L. DONNELLY.

(See Engraving.)

My boat the waves is riding o'er,
And to the land the billows pour
Their lowly murmur'd song;
I would I were away from shore,
Then won't you come along?

To dash the white spray up like rain,
To see it fall in mist again
The clustering waves among,—
And must I plead to *you* in vain?
Oh! won't you come along?

I hate the land! 'Tis hard and still,
The flattened plain, the stony hill,
All mute and void of tongue,
But waves, wild waves, of giant will—
Ah! dearest, come along.

To isles that smile o'er ocean's waste,
Like fairy gifts in beauty placed,
To lure us right or wrong,
My fancy's wings already haste,—
Say, will you go along?

We there will watch the sea-birds play,
Or floating scattered mid the spray,
Or rising in a throng;
My heart is with them far away—
Then do, *do* come along!

But all in vain my smile and sigh,
And side-ways look with pensive eye,
And pleadings wondrous strong;
I really shall sit down and cry
If you don't come along!

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.



ENGRAVED BY J. HANNISTON THE ORIGINAL BY M. J. H.

WON'T YOU COME ALONG.

ROANOKE; OR, WHERE IS UTOPIA?

BY C. H. WILEY, AUTHOR OF "ALAMANCE."

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1849, BY C. H. WILEY, IN THE OFFICE OF THE CLERK OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

(Continued from page 88.)

CHAPTER XXXI.

ZIP COON HAS AN ADVENTURE.

It is known, to the Carolinians at least, that there is a large swamp to the west of New Berne, and that it is traversed by a solitary road. This is Swamp Dover, some six miles long; and even to this day it is famous as the rendezvous of robbers and runaway slaves. This is the road which the ancient fiddler Zip Coon pursued; and familiar as he had become with the stories of tragic incidents and strange adventures in the regions through which he passed, he began to feel somewhat uncomfortable. Brave, cheerful and egotistical he certainly was; he was, also, well armed, and in excellent health; but still the dark gleaming waters around him, the sombre forests with their myriads of strange minstrels, and the dead and spectral looking pines with their uncouth limbs and phosphorescent trunks, filled him with a mysterious sort of awe. Then he began to recollect stories of witches and ghosts and dreadful apparitions; the wind moaned dismally among the trees, and the owls screamed and laughed among the bushes. Zip whistled awhile, but his lips soon became rigid; then he sang, but his voice echoed fearfully through the woods, and hushing the birds, and frogs, and insects, and followed by an oppressive silence. Finally he began to hoot and shout with the whole force of his lungs, and as he did so, suddenly an apparition glided into the road before him. He was overwhelmed for an instant, dropping his pack and mechanically raising his gun; the apparition, swelling to an amazing size, advanced with a terrific scream, and the appalled traveller fell fainting and muttering his prayers. "In the name of all that is blessed and holy above, who are you?" said he, as he came to; "I am the little Pocasin," answered Walter Tucker, sprinkling with water the face of his terrified friend.

"Was it only you?" asked Zip, greatly relieved; "I'm sure I saw the devil, and he was as high as the tallest trees." "People's imaginations

always add to or subtract from the reality," said philosopher Walter; "if you will excuse me for saying so, it was your fear that made me so large." "It all comes from being in this plaguy Carolina," replied Zip, now fully recovered; "if I had been in Old Virginny I should not have been expecting to see the devil. We have no witches there—nor swamps either."

"Now you're subtracting," said Walter, laughing; "but I have no time now to quarrel about our respective States; I have important news to tell you."

"Walter," spoke Zip, "I hardly believe now it's you; you have changed amazingly since I saw you; let me feel you, boy," and he handled him as if he half expected to touch an unearthly substance.

"Some people," answered Walter, "never change; they are books of a single page; others change constantly and rapidly. That is, they become developed; occasions call out their real natures, bring to light their faculties. I am what I always was; late events have only developed me."

"I always thought you'd be a great man," returned Zip; "but tell me, what has made you great so soon, and what on earth are you doing here?"

"Utopia told you when and how I left her, did she not?" answered Walter; "well, I plunged into the forest, determined again to find Wild Bill—I could not, but by going in the direction from which Utopia came, I found the house to which she was carried from the beach. It is surrounded on two sides by a swamp; on the other two is a river or sheet of water which makes two parts of a square. I came in sight of this place in day time, but I did not wish then to approach; however, I kept prowling about until I became thoroughly satisfied that no one was at home, and then I crept slyly up. The house is a low, dingy looking one outside; but never did I dream of any thing so fine as the inside. It was arranged in the most convenient manner; the parlor was filled

with the most elegant furniture, and one of the rooms was more like the chamber of a fairy than of a human being. However, I'm a poor hand at description, and therefore, I'll not attempt one of this place; it is a real palace, and while I was roaming about from room to room, I heard a loud laugh, and looking out at the window, saw a boat, a beautiful little boat, coming up, filled with people. I thought I was lost; but looking about, I found a great clock in the corner of the parlor, and I crept into that, putting the key in my pocket, and keeping my eye at the key hole. Would you believe me? Among the company who came in, was Polly Dawson, the belle of Arabia, a girl I used to know on the beach; she was elegantly dressed, and with her were several fine gentlemen, and very handsome ladies. They all made wonderfully free with each other, talking, laughing, and romping; and I could gather that Polly lived there, that the place belonged to Chester Rowton, and that he was expected there that night. It was nearly sundown when I went into the clock, and determined to see what was to be done, I waited till dark. In the course of the evening they had music and dancing, and finally a table was spread with the most splendid banquet I ever saw. About this time Rowton, covered with mud, rode up; Polly Dawson ran out and kissed him in the most affectionate manner, and the whole company paid him the greatest attention. They had wines and liquors at supper, and in the course of the night they became very merry, and even drunk. Then it was that they let out their secrets; then it was that I heard things that will be of interest to the whole country. They talked very freely of crushing the rebellion in this country; they laughed immoderately at our meetings, and speeches, and resolutions, and declared that every leading rebel should be hung. Rowton laid open what he called his grand scheme for the subjugation of North Carolina; said he intended to make Martin a great man, and himself his chief counsellor. "Yes," said he, rising and much excited, "yes, ladies and gentlemen, the good cause of King George and of his Paladins of the swamp, shall triumph; we'll add to our number, and have thirteen to our holy brotherhood; and as for 'the voice of the thirteen States,' as one of their bombastic manifestoes has it, 'that shall be hushed forever. Here's success to the merry Paladins of the swamp, and damnation to the thirteen States!' I could hold in no longer, and as they were drinking the toast, I took the key of the clock from my pocket, and struck on the bell thirteen times.* I struck slowly and dis-

* The author has heard a story something similar to Walter's anecdote with the clock.

It is said, that during the Revolution, a party of British officers were dining and making merry at the house of the father of Judge Toomer, in Wilmington or vicinity; the owner, who was a distinguished Whig, being absent. When full of wine, some one proposed a toast reflecting on the thirteen States; and as it was drunk, the old eight

tinety, till they all became silent, and when I hit the thirteenth lick, the women screamed, and the men started from their seats, uttering the most terrible oaths. I saw that no time was to be lost, and cried out, "hurrah for liberty and the thirteen States!" jumping out of the clock as I did so, flinging it on the table, and knocking it, men, and women over, with a tremendous crash. The next instant I was through the window into the swamp, safe and sound. I found my arms where I had hid them, and here I am, on my way to see you and father."

"Boy," said old Zip, "I'm sorry, I'm truly sorry—but—but—how shall I tell him?"

"What do you mean?" said Walter; "have 'nt you recovered yet from your fright?"

"I'm not thinking about that now," replied Zip; "that's a very small matter. It's true, I was a little scared, but it was because I was not in my right mind. No, no, young man; I've travelled at night before, and it has often been said of me, that Old Nick himself could 'nt make me run. But I never was in such a state of mind before; I have been crying for a week or more, and my heart's all melted away. It's a child's heart now; I could 'nt face a pop-gun, boy, I'm so nervous from sorrow."

"What on earth is the matter with you, uncle Zip?" asked Walter; "have you been in love, and been refused?"

"I be in love in this infernal Carolina!" exclaimed Zip; "I love any thing in these low grounds of sorrow, and I from old Virginny, too! No, sir, no, sir, it's not love; boy, I'm more nor your uncle now; I'm your father."

Zip uttered this in a subdued tone, and Walter, dropping his arms, and his whole manner changing, cried, "Is he dead! Is father dead?"

"Not dead," said Zip, "not dead, but in purgatory; he's in jail."

day clock in the corner struck thirteen times. The officers might have been deceived; but certain it is, they fell upon the clock with their swords, and cut it to pieces. The venerable time piece, with the "scars" still upon it, is now in the possession of Judge Toomer—at least so the author has heard.

As to the "Paladins of the Swamp," they had their originals in real life. In remote times, there were many strange and some romantic adventurers in the Eastern Carolinas—some of them were of noble families, and led lives whose history would be stranger than fiction. The old histories are full of accounts of "gentlemen pirates," who, as is said elsewhere in the text, "braved and bribed" the public authorities; they levied a sort of black-mail on those along the coast, and in some respectable families they were received as guests. Of course, these entertainers shared in the plunder of their non-descript visitors.

One of the most celebrated of these—Edward Teach, commonly called Black Beard—was famous for his carousals on land, and his exploits on water, and for a long time escaped with impunity. He was at length taken and killed, off the coast of North Carolina, and after a desperate engagement, by a Lieutenant Maynard, who commanded two sloops of war, manned in Virginia. He married thirteen times!

"Where?" asked Walter fiercely; "who put him in? What did they do it for? The base dogs, they shall die!" "Moderate your anger," said Zip, "and I'll tell you about it;" and so he did, but with such a vast number of parentheses, apostrophes, exclamations, and episodes, that we cannot afford to give his language.

"That base villain!" exclaimed Walter, gathering up his arrows and bow, "that fiend! I suspected him before. I'll break my vow; I'll go to New Berne this night. Will you go with me, old gentleman?"

"Old gentleman, eh?" cried Zip; "the boy's still improving? Who's a villain, young gentleman?"

"Who's a fiend?"

"Chester Rowton," said Walter; "will you go with me?"

"Let's consider on that," answered Zip; "let's consider first what's best to be done."

"I'm off," said Walter; "will you go?"

"What's that?" cried Zip, with a trembling voice, and pointing down the road.

"I see nothing but an old stump," replied Walter.

"Listen, listen," cried Zip, becoming still more agitated; "don't you hear something in the woods?"

"I do," said Walter, "and look, there's a horse, and as I live, two persons on it."

"Hullo there!" exclaimed Coon, recovering and becoming bold; "who the devil are you? Approach or I'll shoot," continued he, raising his gun.

"Is not that Mr. Coon?" asked a soft and boyish voice.

"That's my name," replied Zip; "who are you?"

"A friend, who has seen you in New Berne," answered the voice, and the horse, with its burden, now approached.

The new comers were a negro man, extremely aged, and a white boy, who dismounted in the woods, and came running up to Coon as if much delighted to see him. Suddenly, seeing Walter, however, the lad paused and looked alarmed, when Zip said, "he's not an Injun, boy, don't be afraid. It's only Walter Tucker, another friend. Who are you, and where are you going at this time of night?"

"I'm a student," said the boy, "and my name is Frank Hooper. I'm on my way to Wilmington, where I live."

"You've taken a strange time for travelling," said Zip; "and if it was not for your confoundedly handsome face, I should feel disposed to fear some dark deed. But I see it all, now: you've run away; yes, that's it; you didn't want to be whip'd. I don't blame you, boy; you needn't be afraid of me: these schoolmasters and I were never sworn friends; and in old Virginny the whole race of them stand in mortal terror of me. So just make a clean breast of it, and tell me all about it;—what an eternal nice boy he is!"

"I haven't run away from my teacher," said Frank Hooper; "he is a very clever man, and never treated me amiss. But I *have* run away from New Berne, or rather left secretly; and the cause is one in which this young man, Mr. Tucker, is partly interested. I am sent by the Patriots on secret and urgent business to the Patriots of Wilmington; and to keep from exciting the suspicions of the Governor, they have put out rumors that I have run off from school. The teacher is in the secret, and he's as strong a liberty man as any in the whole country."

"That's a redeeming quality in him," returned Coon, "and I'm surprised at it, for the preachers and teachers, in old Virginny at least, always side with the king."

"How am I interested in this matter?" asked Walter.

"I have letters from your father, who is in prison, to a great friend of his in Wilmington," said the boy.

"Will you let me see them?" inquired Walter.

"You are suspicious," answered the boy; "but you'll see I tell the truth. Here they are," continued he, taking a packet from his pocket; "these two are from your father to Mr. Harnett, and you can see by the direction whether or not they are in your father's hand-writing."

"This is his hand," said Walter; "I could tell it by a darker moon. Do you know what he wants with Mr. Harnett?—and can you tell me if one Chester Rowton is in New Berne?"

"Your father has written about himself, and about the troubles that are brewing in the country; he has great confidence in Mr. Harnett, and wants him to defend his case; and also, as he expresses it, to defend the case of the country. I can't tell you any more, now, of my business, which is urgent and secret. What do *you* know of Mr. Rowton?"

"I know him to be a villain," answered Walter; "but we've no time to talk longer. I wish you a safe and speedy journey, Master Hooper, and hope Mr. Harnett will come up to father's expectations. Shall I help you on your horse?"

"I want Mr. Coon and you to go with me," replied the boy; "I'm very young, and hardly know the road."

"Mr. Coon can go, if he wishes," said Walter; "my road lies in a different direction."

"Yes, but you *must* go with me," returned the wilful boy.

"And *shall* go," put in Zip.

"*Must* and *shall* are words which no one but my father can use towards me: for the present I'm master of my own actions, and allow no one to dictate a course of conduct for me. Come, Master Frank, it is time for us to part."

"Won't you go with me?" asked Frank.

"No," replied Walter.

"Please do," said the boy, in a tone soft and tender; "I'm afraid to go, with no one with me

but Uncle Job, there. He's very old and decrepit."

"Then you ought not to have started with him," replied Walter. "If you are afraid, you can easily go back with me to New Berne."

"Oh, what shall I do!" exclaimed the boy, beginning to weep. "If I go back I'm lost, and cannot travel in the dark by myself. I thought I would have found a house before now, and ——"

"I can't stand this," said Coon, interrupting the boy. "Walter, my son, you must go with the lad, and I'll return to your father. You cannot serve him better than by going to his friends, and interesting them in his case."

"He said you might go, if I found you," said Frank Hooper, and told me to instruct you what to say to the people at Wilmington. He wished, several times, that I might meet with you. I have a purse of gold, sir, and if ——"

"Whom do you take me for, boy?" interrupted Walter, sternly. "You belong to the fine people, and, like them, you think if you can't command me, you can bribe me. I'm not a slave, nor the son of one; I do not serve from fear, nor for money, young man."

"You'll serve for love, though, won't you?" asked the boy, approaching Walter with the frank and tender manner of a child.

"Perhaps so," replied Walter.

"Then I'll love you all my life, if you'll go with me," said the student. "I'll love you, and all those that like me shall and will treat you as they treat me."

"So you think now, while you're a child and in danger," returned Walter—"Mr. Coon," continued he, "go back immediately to New Berne—never let any one but father know that you have seen me, and tell no one but him—what I have told you. You must be cautious and wise, and tell father to be so; let him know where I am, give him my love, and tell him that I will reap a rich harvest of vengeance for this indignity which has been put upon him."

"God Almighty bless you, my boy," replied Zip; "here's my hand, and my everlasting friendship! And here's the same to you, my pretty boy!"

"Take care of ghosts," said Walter, laughing.

"Come Master Frank, let me mount you behind uncle Job. 'I've become cold,' answered Frank, "and had rather walk with you." "I'm fleet of foot," replied Walter, "and it will be impossible for you to keep up with me." "I walk a great deal, too," said the student, "and I'm willing to try a watch with you for a while at least."

"As you will," answered Walter; "but you must not blame me if you are troubled with sore limbs to-morrow. Come, uncle Job, wake up and lead the way!" Coon was now nearly out of sight on his way to New Berne; but for some time afterwards, Walter Tucker and Frank Hooper could hear his stentorian voice, loud ringing through the woods.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HISTORICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL.

THOSE who will look upon the map of North Carolina, will find that Wilmington is in a South-westerly direction from New Berne, and about eighty miles distant; but they must know that in North Carolina, roads do not run straight from one place to another. The barriers of nature, not yet overcome, have caused the State to be divided into a number of distinct communities, and these communities differ as widely from each other, in manners, habits and feelings, as do the inhabitants of Florida and Nova Scotia. In the west, the mountains, the grandest and highest in the Union, divide neighborhoods as far from each other as are Charleston and New York; and in the east are rivers that spread out into shallow seas, and immense swamps that are yet the abodes of savage beasts, and of still more savage men.

Different races, too, have peopled these comparatively obscure regions; New Englanders and Virginians, with many aristocratic and some noble English families, founded the settlements on the Cape Fear River and Albermarle Sound; the Baron de Graffenriedt, of Berne, in Switzerland, was the founder of New Berne on the Neuse River, and near the head of Pamlico Sound; Highlanders who "were out in the affair of '45," or were related to those who were, formed a settlement at Cross Creek, now Fayetteville, in the southern part of the State; the Moravians, a peculiar religious sect from Germany, settled a colony in the central part of the State, and in the west, were emigrants and adventurers from different places. These races, or settlements, separated from each other by the barriers to which we have alluded, long preserved their distinct national characteristics; and in adjoining counties might be found people speaking different languages, and differing widely in religion, dress and modes of living. About the frontiers of these settlements were adventurers from all nations, religious fanatics, desperadoes and robbers; in the swamps were runaway slaves and fugitives from justice, while the sounds and rivers along the coast were infested by a peculiar class of pirates known as bucaniers, some of whom were of high descent, lived in splendor while on land, and braved and bribed the public authorities. In such a country, the authority of the mother country, always feeble, was virtually at an end, before the revolution had properly commenced; and in various sections there were meetings and formal declarations of independence, similar to that of Mecklenberg, and prior, in point of time, to that national one of the fourth of July, 1776. The people, growing up in the woods, were essentially free thinkers; and many of them, unfortunately, were at all times free actors. The celebrated insurrection of the Regulators, in 1771, was an indication of the spirit of the people before the Revolution; they were all Regulators, and

some of them partly from causes mentioned, and partly from the unsettled state of things, regulated themselves according to their own notions, submitting to no law but that of their own will. During the period of which we now write, the whole State or Province was in commotion, the elements of revolution were every where at work, and though they were all approximating towards one grand result, yet these elements, in different places and among different races, assumed different aspects and operated in different ways.

Such was the condition of things at the time Frank Hooper, accompanied by Walter Tucker and an old servant, undertook a journey from New Berne to Wilmington; and these two youths, between whom a warm friendship began to grow, were types of two of the races of which we have been writing. In one we find the stern, sad, philosophical plebeian, educated it is true, and of fine sensibilities and vaulting ambition; but he was a tenant of the woods and a follower of the chase, and nature was his teacher. Accustomed to meditation and a solitary life, his thoughts were slightly tinged with gloom; his sentences were brief, sententious, and full of imagery borrowed from the wild solitudes o'er which he roamed; and, though gentle in nature and not uncouth in manners, his polish and his gentleness were those of a young and fearless son of Nimrod.

This was the *Regulator*; and with him was a scion of one of those noble houses who early espoused the cause of freedom in North Carolina. The name, Hooper, is one illustrious in the annals of the State; and the men of that name, like many of their compeers, had every thing to lose and nothing to gain by a revolution. They lived in splendor not surpassed in any part of the American colonies: they were educated, refined, and surrounded by all the luxuries and elegancies of life, and, though of aristocratic blood, respected by the people. Frank Hooper had, for one of his age, read much, and thought much, too; but, though a lover of freedom, and deeply imbued with the philosophy of the times, his air and bearing, his dress and language, were altogether different from those of his companion. His loose velvet pantaloons were gathered tightly round a slender waist, and were not too long to hide a delicate ankle, and still more delicate foot, cased in morocco shoes, with shining silver buckles. His blue jerkin was fringed with lace; ruffles, white as snow, adorned his wrists, and his wide, open collar, was of the finest cambric linen. His cap, which was adorned with tassels and a scarlet band, was pulled low over his head and cheeks, to protect them from the dews of the night, and was carefully fastened under the chin with fillets of velvet; but it did not conceal entirely a face extremely fair, and eyes that sparkled with intelligence and sensibility. Walter, it is true, wore a green hunting-shirt of fine material, and fastened round the waist by a broad belt of polished leather; but his feet and ankles were

in red moccasins, and his cap, though becoming, and, indeed, picturesque, was not of cloth, but of the undressed skin of the wild racoon. At first, therefore, he felt somewhat ashamed of his own costume, especially as young Hooper would compel him to view him as a friend: he was often glancing at his own dress and that of his companion, while the other never seemed to take the slightest notice of any but his own habiliments. He was, too, so gentle in his manner, and so frank in his conversation—so full of harmless wit and entertaining gossip—that Walter became, insensibly, lively and confidential, often giving utterance to sallies and sentiments that caused his friend to stretch his eyes with wonder. The subject of greatest interest to both were the intrigues and characters of the intriguers about the Governor's court. Concerning these Walter had many questions to ask, and Frank Hooper was ever ready to answer.

"But the strangest person I have yet seen," said Hooper, in the course of the conversation, "is your friend, Utopia."

"Why do you call her my friend?" asked Walter, quickly. "We have been thrown together by accident, and I felt bound —"

"Make no apologies," replied Frank Hooper. "Her acquaintance, I assure you, will not disgrace any one. As I've told you, my connexions enabled me to be a great deal about the palace, and throughout the whole household that little girl has been, for weeks, the chief subject of conversation. I say little girl; but she cannot now be called exactly a girl, though it would, perhaps, be equally improper to say she is a woman. I am told that, a few months ago, she seemed much smaller and more girlish than she is now: in fact, it is astonishing how she has grown since I first saw her; though, perhaps, a change of dress may be one cause of the difference in her appearance."

"How has she changed her dress?" asked Walter.

"Your father and Miss Alice Bladen have bought her a fine wardrobe," said Hooper; "and it is surprising to see how gracefully a rustic like her wears her neat dresses, and how sweetly and discreetly she conducts herself. Her mind, too, they say, has improved amazingly."

"Has she learned to write yet?" asked Walter.

"Learned to write!" exclaimed Hooper; "why she is now taking lessons in drawing and music. Knowledge of books and sciences seems to come to her by intuition, and in six months she will be a lady, and the most intelligent one in all the country. No, I'm wrong in saying she'll be a lady; it don't seem natural to call her so."

"You fine folks, I suppose, think no one is a lady or gentleman, that is not high born," said Walter.

"That's not what I mean," replied Hooper; "I mean that Utopia is too good, too celestial to be called a lady. The word *lady* suggests notions

of a mere finely dressed woman, with a woman's whims, vanities, and frailties; Utopia is not such. She is not like other people; she don't seem to be a mere animated machine of clay. She should be called nothing but Utopia; there is nothing like her in the world. And would you believe me? She spends all her nights in jail with her mother; yes, she comes out of that horrid place looking as innocent, as cheerful, and as sweet as if she were just from a bed of down, in a royal palace. She carries her purity and her goodness every where; and she is the same Utopia in jail, in a hovel, in the woods, and in the fine houses of the rich and gay. Her heart is a heaven, and her divine soul does not borrow its worth, while it takes no stain or taint from the places in which she moves."

"Truly," said Walter, "you are eloquent in her praises; but this is all because she is a sort of curiosity in New Berne. It will be fashionable with the fine people there to pet her for a while, just as they would a monkey from Africa, or a parrot from the Indies; but their monkeys and parrots will retain their popularity longer than Utopia. I see that Miss Bladen has taken a great fancy for her; it'll not last long, as the poor girl will find to her sorrow."

"You never lose an opportunity of giving a fling at Miss Bladen," said Frank, laughing; "you must have a spite against her."

"I do n't harbor spite against women," returned Walter.

"Then you dislike her," said Frank.

"I do n't like her ways," replied Walter.

"Did she ever offend you?" asked Frank, kindly.

"It's no matter," said Walter; "perhaps I've already said too much."

"Very well," replied Frank, pettishly; "If you do n't choose to trust me with your secrets I have no right to complain."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BOYISH CONVERSATION.

FRANK HOOPER, the student, though too proud to acknowledge it, began before the dawn of morning to manifest symptoms of fatigue; still he stoutly refused to take a seat with Job, on the horse which the latter rode. At last he confessed that he would like to ride, but declared his dislike of being seen behind the old negro; and finally, that all parties might be mounted, it was agreed to borrow, hire, or purchase a gig, and to hitch Job's animal to it. Morning came, but Frank found it no easy matter to get a vehicle to suit his purpose. The first house at which he inquired was a rude log hut, in a small patch of cleared ground, and surrounded by a wide waste of sand;

the wall of the hut was covered outside with the skins of squirrels, racoons, and wild cats, and inside were found a woman and some half a dozen of half naked children, all of a sickly, ashy hue, and one of them, a girl of some thirteen, sitting in the sun shivering with an ague. The good woman hardly knew what a gig was, but proffered her cart to the laughing youngsters; and in answer to a question about the health of the neighborhood remarked, that they had very little sickness in those parts, though she had heard it said there was a good deal higher up on the river.

"There's an instance of the benevolence of Providence," said the student, as they left the hut, on the sandy desert; "the human system will adapt itself to any condition of life, and become comparatively happy in it. I almost believe that there is no difference in the happiness of different ranks."

"I do n't," said Walter; "ai'nt you tired?" continued he: "well, would 'nt you be more happy now if you were in a gig? Just so I would be if I were elevated to that circle in which I ought to move."

"It's well enough to propose to ourselves some worthy aim," replied the student; "and the higher our aim the better we'll be. This is the reason why, in my opinion, Utopia will be so perfect; her heart is naturally good, and she was born and raised up in that state of society where she had no human examples to copy after. The instincts of her nature tell her that those are depraved people among whom she lives, or has lived; she, therefore, will shun whatever they do, and copy after some exalted model she has formed in her pure imagination. Girls born in good society, are not always trying to be better; they are satisfied when they come up to the usual standard, and will without compunction, practise follies that are canonized. You have, I understand, had an opportunity of knowing Utopia more intimately than we generally know girls; and if Miss Bladen speaks the truth of her, you must have witnessed a delicacy and propriety in all her conduct, a serenity of temper, and a purity, and sweetness of sentiment which women do not find in each other, nor husbands in their wives. Still you imagine that the higher ranks are better and more refined—you'll be sadly disappointed when you marry among them."

"Who told you I wanted to marry among them?" asked Walter; "you must think I am in love with Alice Bladen."

"I'm obliged to think she has made an impression of some sort on your mind," answered the student; "you are constantly alluding to her."

"And you won't talk about her," replied Walter, "but are eternally harping on Utopia. I see how it is, you love Miss Alice and you want to keep me from suspecting you."

"I love Miss Alice Bladen!" cried the student, bursting into a merry laugh; "what strange sus-

picious get into your head. Pray tell me why you think so, and I'll tell you with equal candor whether or not I do love the English Beauty."

"You seem to know her very well," said Walter.

"Well, so I do."

"You say, also," continued Walter, "that you are very intimate at the palace."

"True, again," exclaimed the student; "now how does it follow that I'm in love with Alice Bladen? You know Utopia very well, and you once lived in the same house with her——"

"I don't love Utopia," said Walter, dryly.

"And I'm not a suitor or lover of Alice Bladen," said the student, pettishly.

"I never tell stories about these things," returned Walter.

"Nor do I," answered the student.

"Some people try so much to make every thing a joke, that you never know what they mean," spoke Walter, and began to whistle a melancholy air.

"And some can't bear to be joked about such things, without getting into a furious rage," said the student, who answered Walter's tune with a very lively song. Walter turned to his companion, whose voice began to charm him, and extending his hand, said, "Master Frank, I'm a fool; you must forgive the oddities of a country bumpkin."

"You're a strange compound," replied the student, "but I like you all the better for it—I'm eccentric myself; but I make it a rule not to look cross at a near friend, nor to use harsh language towards him: these things cut more deeply than we are aware."

"And that's the case with your words now," said Walter, "but the reproof is wholesome. But, tell me, how can you, on such a short acquaintance, profess to be a near friend to me?"

"Have 'nt you bought my friendship at a heavy price?" asked the student; "besides, I have often heard of you, and I find you such as you were described."

"I'm an awkward hand at kind professions," said Walter, "but, Master Frank, you'll never find me wanting in action."

The truth is, Walter Tucker, who had never before conversed with an equal of his own age, was from the first, and despite his strong dislike of the aristocracy, greatly taken with Frank Hooper. The latter, from his size, seemed to be several years his junior; but Walter soon discovered in him traces of a thinking, well educated mind. Then the youth was so full of charming vivacity, so delicate, so gentle in manner, and so refined in feeling, so perfectly well bred, and yet so wayward, frank, and simple, that Walter was entirely fascinated with him; and when he seemed to throw himself on Walter's protection, and to claim the assistance of his superior strength and activity, the latter felt proud of his privilege. In-

deed, he often gazed at his slender companion with a serious, thoughtful countenance, and could the latter then have read his heart, he would have found him wishing that he had just such a one for his little brother. Walter could not keep this wish out of his mind, and he was going to give utterance to it, when the friends found themselves coming suddenly in view of a human habitation. The sun was now some distance above the horizon, and while both the friends were hungry, the younger was nearly exhausted by fatigue, and therefore, though the house was a gloomy looking one, they determined to try the hospitality of its tenants. The building was a long, low, dark looking one, with a rotten porch in front; in the small windows was not a pane of glass, nor was there any barn, kitchen or other outhouse on the premises. The house stood close by the edge of a wide, shallow stream, whose waters were of a pitchy color, and was in a dark grove of pines, and near a wide and sombre looking pond, filled with a luxuriant growth of black gum and cypress. There was no bridge across the stream; and as the student looked wistfully at his glistening shoes and fine silk stockings, Walter proffered to take him in his arms. The student, however, resisted, declaring that his feet were hot and blistered, and would be the better of a cold bath; and so doffing his shoes and hose, Walter the while gazing admiringly at his small and snow white feet, he plunged into the stream. Walter, who could not but wonder why the youth seemed so diffident of showing his feet, took him gently by the hand, and led him across; but hardly had they touched the bank when the youth began to tremble violently. Walter feared he had been chilled; but the student, doubtless, felt uneasy as he approached the house before him, and from which were now issuing oaths, songs, and boisterous laughter, commingled together. With the assistance of the old negro, he dried his feet and dressed them, while Walter reconnoitered the premises; the latter, after an observation, hastily whispering to his protégé, and advising him to mount with the old negro, and leave as expeditiously as possible, while he made further note of what was going on within. The student would not listen to such a proposition, but urged Walter to leave with him; but Walter was too fond of wild adventures, to heed such counsel.

"If you will go in with me," whispered he to the student, "take care of your letters—perhaps you had better give them to me."

"They are in my stocking," said the youth.

"Good!" replied Walter, tapping him gently on the chin; "I'll make a soldier of you yet. Halloo there! Who's within?" cried he, rattling at the door.

"You seem very anxious to know," said one, partially opening the door; "one, two, three," continued he, "and only one armed—all right, come in," and with this he flung open the door.

revealing some eight or ten fierce looking men, with swarthy faces, and sitting round rude tables, by a blazing log fire, near which was a stack of arms. There was a jug and glasses on each table, a pack of cards and several pistols; and strewn about the room, on broken stools and crazy tables, were the remains of a feast. A number of fox hounds were stretching themselves on the floor, and at the end of the hall farthest from the fire were several small and very dirty looking beds.

It took Walter but an instant to make an accurate survey of the whole room and of all its contents, animate and inanimate; but the student manifested his curiosity more openly and for a longer time, some of the inmates staring at him in silence, and others listlessly stacking the cards on the table, or draining the contents of their glasses.

"We are hungry, gentlemen," said Walter, "cold, fatigued and hungry; can we rest ourselves for a moment, and procure a little plain refreshments?"

"You can rest yourselves, of course," said one of those handling the cards, and without taking his eyes off the table; "but as for vittles," continued he slowly and carelessly, "I guess you'll find them dry pickin'."

"Young man, won't you have a seat?" said one of those standing, at the same time jerking the stool from under one of his companions: "sit down, sir, and I'll see what can be got for you."

"I'm willing," spoke the Student, who at that instant was nudged by Walter, while the latter said; "You can see who we are. One is a negro, one is a runaway school boy, and the other a hunter from a child; any sort of fare will therefore do for us."

"I'm willing" said Hooper, quickly catching the cue, "I'm willing, for my part, to take a piece of bread and meat."

"And if you was 't willin' you could n't git no more," spoke one of the men, laughing; "You're a runaway school boy, eh? Howsever we'll let you feed first and then we'll try you. Come, lads, here's some refreshments in these jugs that'll soon make you think you've been flyin' instead of walkin'. Come, you must drink some," continued he, forcing the glass to the mouth of the Student; "take a sip, honey, and if it do n't make you naterally crave for more, you need 'nt drink any more. Halloo, old sinner!" shouted he to the negro, who was still sitting on his horse at the door; "why the devil don't you 'light and come in?"

"Thank you, master," answered he, "my horse is monstrous scary, and won't stand when I'm gone."

"He's a very sorry looking crittur to be so wild," replied the white, examining the horse's head and mouth. "He's monstrous little, but he's

loud," returned the negro, bursting into a great laugh.

"I'll see that he don't run away," said the other, pulling at the negro; "hitch him to the door old man, and you can keep your eye on him."

As the negro came in, Frank Hooper in vain kept his eyes on his wrinkled face; the old slave never looked towards him, while the latter was wondering, with no easy feeling, what had become of his valise.

"Give us a toast, old man," said one of the company, winking at the others, and handing the white-headed Job a brimming glass: "Give us a patriotic sentiment."

"Gentlemen masters," answered the old man, bowing lowly, with his hat in one hand and his glass in the other; "Gentlemen masters, I'se an old nigger, and has seed a heap of scatterments and topsyturvies: here's hoping dat you all may swim smooftly along the briny waves of sacrificin' time, and ford the Jordan of destructive equinoxes, while fiery billows roll beneath!"

"Whoorah!" cried one of the men, closely eyeing old Job as he drank his liquor at a gulp: "where did you get all that from, old patriarch?"

"Whar?" cried the negro, gazing at his questioner with a drunken and stupid stare; "whar did I git all dat from? Jest show me the bottom of another glass, and I golly! I'll make a more obfuscated catalogue nor dat!"

"So I think;" said Walter, slapping him on the shoulder and taking the glass from his hand; "you old fool! take your station in that corner, and behave yourself."

"Oh, in course," answered the negro bowing lowly and hiccoughing; "I'll do just adactly as you say, master John," and he flung himself against the chimney jamb, and in five minutes was snoring furiously. While Walter and Frank were making a hasty meal, one of the inmates of the house, lounging up to one of the beds, began to kick it, exclaiming, "Bones! Bones!! eh, Bones, you snorin' bison, get up here—I say, do you hear me, you bag o' rocks?"

"Eh," yawned a man, half awake; "is it you, your celestial highness?"

"No!" cried the man, "it's me, you infernal squat! I say there, git up, we want you right away."

"Away, eh?" yawned the man; "is there robbers on the road! Unph!" cried he, as he received a violent kick, "what's the matter, what's the matter? Are we attack?"

All this while Walter and the Student were eying the bed, and the latter, young, tender and inexperienced as he was, could scarcely conceal the emotions with which he was agitated, as he beheld, emerging from under the dingy bed clothes, a grisly head and a face covered with a huge and portentous beard.

(To be continued.)



WALTER TUCKER, FRANK HOOPER, AND UNCLE JOB, AT THE SWAMP INN.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

BY JOHN S. HART.

To be born and to pass successively through the seven stages of human existence, to eat and to sleep, to buy and to sell, to marry and be given in marriage, to pursue the busy round of external occupations and activities—this surely is not all of life. There is to every man a hidden life, a constant flux and reflux of existence far within the dark recesses of being, in the inmost penetralia of consciousness, where no eye but One ever enters. Here it is, after all, that are performed all those high functions of humanity which give to the history of any man real value. As the external appearance, the beauty of form and feature, derives its chief attraction from the impression it gives of the character of the inner man, so to the student of biography, external acts and relations derive their chief value from the indications they give of the progress of the hidden life. The body and its acts are lively types of the soul and its life. Both may indeed deceive. A countenance beaming with kindness may be the mask for anger, malice, and all uncharitableness. Conduct apparently upright may spring from a heart oblique and tort. Still, as a general rule, it is by the fruits we judge the tree, by the waters we judge the fountain, by the external actions, and to some extent by the appearance, we judge the man: and not only so,*but the chief value of our knowledge of the external relations of humanity arises from the light which it throws upon the dark recesses of the concealed fountain, the hidden life of man.

What do we know of the real, personal history of William Shakespeare? The external facts of his life, that have been definitely ascertained, are not numerous. They are chiefly of a legal and documentary character, relating in most cases to the conveyance of property, and are in themselves of the dullest and driest kind. It is only the inferences which we draw from these barren statistics, that give them any real interest. But who does not feel that one page of Boswell gossip, one familiar letter from Shakespeare himself to his wife or daughter, would have been worth infinitely more than all we now have put together?

There are not wanting those who believe that we have, not this exactly, but something even

more intimate and satisfactory—who maintain, in other words, that the Sonnets of Shakespeare are autobiographical, and that they reveal to us the inmost soul of the great dramatist. Every writer, except those who treat of the exact sciences, leaves upon his works some lineaments of his own character. Writers however differ much in this respect. In some cases, the author is seen in every page of his works, just as clearly as the sparkling sands are seen at the bottom of a still and limpid fountain. Spenser is a remarkable instance of this self-revealing quality. A still more striking instance is found in Lord Byron, who, whatever be his professed topic, is himself the perpetual subject of his own delineations. Now Shakespeare, at least in his dramatic writings, has been held to have less of this quality than any known writer. He seems to have had, beyond all other writers, the power of going out of himself, and of going into and intimately possessing other characters, the beings of his own creation—of ceasing to be Shakespeare, and becoming successively Falstaff and Iago and Othello and Desdemona and Juliet and Macbeth and Wolsey and Lear and Hamlet and Richard. It is this wonderful power of self-abnegation—making his characters everything and himself nothing—which is the great secret of the dramatic art. Hence it is, that while no writer has contributed so largely to the stock of human thoughts and sentiments, there is no one of whose own personal feelings and experiences so little is predicable. This is true at least of his dramatic writings. But his Sonnets, it is thought, form an exception to the general habit of his mind. In these, it is contended, he speaks in his own person. He indites the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears, the jealousies, the despondencies, the various and contending emotions, not of some conceived person, but of himself, the man Shakespeare.

The Sonnets then, according to this theory, are the record of Shakespeare's own innermost personal experience, the true history of his hidden life. They reveal to us, according to the same authority, some unknown youth of high birth and extraordinary beauty, to whom the great writer pours forth language of the most rapturous devotedness, a blind idolatry of

admiring love, such as between man and woman may be readily conceived, but as between man and man is hardly intelligible. Before this beauteous youth the poet crouches with fear; his injuries, and those of the most insulting kind, are lamented and bewailed, without however any feeling of resentment. The Sonnets are supposed to tell also of "a dark-haired lady, whom the poet loved, but over whose relations to him there is thrown a veil of mystery, allowing us to see little except the feeling of the parties"—a feeling of guilt at least, if not of crime and shame!

Such is a theory of Shakespeare's Sonnets, urgently pressed upon the acceptance of the public by writers of the highest authority—such are some of the inferences, alternately shocking and romantic, that have been drawn from it. Are we prepared to admit the theory and all its alleged consequences?

The subject is not without interest, nor uncumbered with difficulties. Books, pamphlets, essays, reviews, commentaries, almost without number, have been written upon it. I shall not attempt to discuss it fully, nor even to give a history of the discussion. All that I propose is to give, as simply as I may, and without any parade of learned authorities, the results of some reading and reflection bestowed, let me add, with an affectionate reverence for the subject matter of the investigation.

In the first place, and once for all, I do not for a moment allow some of the unnatural and monstrous inferences that have been alleged. At the same time, I am far from discrediting entirely the autobiographical character of these magnificent lyrics. I think some clue to their interpretation may be obtained from a history of their publication and of the circumstances under which they were first given to the world. To this point, then, I shall first direct the attention of the reader.

The Sonnets were first published in 1609, Shakespeare being then forty-five years old and enjoying a high reputation. The publication was a small quarto volume containing, in addition to the Sonnets, another short poem entitled "The Lover's Complaint." The Sonnets in this edition were not addressed to any particular person, and had no titles or headings indicating the subject or the occasion of each; nor was there any general title, argument, or explanation. They were simply arranged one after another, and numbered from one to one hundred and fifty-four, with a brief dedication which will be noticed presently. The next edition of the Sonnets was thirty-one years afterwards, viz. in 1640, twenty-four years after the death of the author. In this second edition very little attention was paid to the arrangements of the first. The Sonnets were

printed in an order entirely different, and titles were prefixed sometimes to a single Sonnet, sometimes to two, three, four or more grouped together. In subsequent editions, sometimes the order of 1609 was observed, sometimes that of 1640. Now, the order of the original edition, that of 1609, prevails almost universally.

This question in regard to the order of the Sonnets is important. It is contended by some that they are continuous, and that they form a kind of connected poem. We have numerous instances of this species of Sonnet-poems, not only in the French and Italian, as in the Visions of Bellay and Petrarch, but in the English antecedent to Shakespeare, as in Spenser, Sidney and others. Thus Spenser's poem of "The World's Vanity" consists of twelve stanzas. Each of these stanzas is, by itself, a Sonnet. It is in the form appropriate to that species of composition, contains one leading thought, is complete in itself, and is unconnected grammatically with what goes before or after. While, however, the stanzas or Sonnets are grammatically disconnected, there is a general bond of union growing out of the sense. While each stanza presents a separate and distinct picture, all the stanzas illustrate some one leading idea. The leading idea, in the case of Spenser's poem just quoted, is that the greatest are not beyond the reach of annoyance from the least and the feeblest. This sentiment is illustrated by the example of the crocodile, dependent upon the little tedula to deliver him from the leeches clinging to his jaws; the eagle, driven from his lordly nest by the artifice of a miserable beetle; the huge leviathan, tormented by the swordfish; and so on through the whole twelve stanzas, each stanza being by itself a Sonnet and presenting a separate and independent picture, but all illustrating the one idea already named.

A still more analogous case would be found in the "Amoretti" or professed Sonnets of Spenser. These are eighty-eight in number, are all addressed to one object, the lady whom he afterwards married, are arranged in chronological order, that is in the order of the time of their composition, and contain a lively record of the author's experience from day to day during the whole period of his courtship. They begin in a desponding tone, which continues through about half the collection. After this there are symptoms of the lady's beginning to relent. Then follow various alternations of fear and hope, the latter gradually increasing, growing at length into joy and rapture, and ending in almost a frenzy of delight. The collection, taken as a whole, and in the order in which the Sonnets stand, is a connected poem in celebration of the author's courtship, just as strictly as the Epithalamium (which is likewise made

up of unconnected stanzas, though not in Sonnet metre) is a poem in celebration of his marriage.

In like manner, it has been contended, the Sonnets of Shakespeare should be considered as continuous, and as forming a connected poem. On this question of continuity depend many important inferences in regard to their meaning and to the personal history of the author. The same Sonnet will have a widely different meaning, according as we consider it connected or not with what precedes or follows, as being addressed to a man or a woman, as expressing the feelings of the author, or those of an imaginary character in imaginary circumstances.

Of all who have contended for the continuity of the Sonnets, no one has presented so ingenious a solution of the difficulties attending that theory, as Mr. Charles Armitage Brown, in an octavo volume on Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems, published in 1838. Other advocates of that theory have supposed Shakespeare's Sonnets to be, like Spenser's, all on one topic, or forming one poem. Mr. Brown, on the contrary, while he maintains the original numbering and the continuity, breaks them up into six separate and independent poems, as follows:—

FIRST POEM. (Sonnets 1—26.) *To his Friend, advising him to marry.*

SECOND POEM. (Sonnets 27—55.) *To his Friend, who had robbed the poet of his Mistress, forgiving him.*

THIRD POEM. (Sonnets 56—77.) *To his Friend, complaining of his coldness, and warning him of life's decay.*

FOURTH POEM. (Sonnets 78—101.) *To his Friend, complaining that he prefers another poet's praises, and reproving him for faults that may injure his character.*

FIFTH POEM. (102—126.) *To his Friend, excusing himself for having been some time silent, and disclaiming the charge of inconstancy.*

SIXTH POEM. (127—152.) *To his Mistress, on her infidelity.*

This is ingenious certainly. But whoever attempts to reduce the Sonnets severally under the heads here given, will find, before he gets through, many hard cases, and much forced interpretation will be necessary. The first poem is easy enough, as it is conceded on all sides that the first twenty-six sonnets all relate to one subject. But beyond that, the way is by no means clear.

On the whole, the most satisfactory mode of explaining the Sonnets is that of which Mr. Knight has given a very brilliant example in his edition of Shakespeare. To show what this method is, and the grounds on which it rests, I shall have to recall the reader's attention to the history of the original publication of the Sonnets. In the first edition there is, in addition

to the numbering, a dedication which has caused no little perplexity. It is in the form and words following:

TO THE ONLY BEGETTER OF
THESE ENSUING SONNETS,
MR. W. H., ALL HAPPINESS
AND THAT ETERNITY
PROMISED
BY
OUR EVER-LIVING POET,
WISHETH
THE WELL-WISHING
ADVENTURER IN
SETTING
FORTH.

T. T.

Who is T. T.?

The title-page informs us that the book was printed by G. Eld for T. T.; and in the Register of the Stationers' Company, under date of May 20, 1609, is found the following entry: *Tho. Thorpe—A book called Shakespeare's Sonnets.* This answers our first question. T. T. of the Dedication is Thomas Thorpe, the publisher. But why did the publisher, rather than the author, dedicate, and why put his initials only in the dedication and title-page, and not his whole name as was his wont in his other publications?

In answer to this question it is generally admitted that the publication was made without the consent, perhaps against the wishes of the author. All the poems of his, whose publication is known to have had his sanction and superintendence, as the *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Rape of Lucrece*, are remarkable for the accuracy with which they are printed. On the contrary, the Sonnets, like the quarto editions of particular plays that were issued during his lifetime, are disfigured by manifold corruptions of the text. The author's name is placed on the title-page in such a way as no author would have been likely to place it who superintended the printing himself. Instead of "Sonnets &c. &c. by William Shakespeare," we have the unmistakeable formula of common fame, "Shakespeare's Sonnets," the word Shakespeare being in very large letters at the top of the page. The Sonnets therefore in all probability first found the light in the same manner as many of his plays did, viz. through the avidity of the booksellers. The Dramatist had now grown to such high repute, that everything from his pen which could be gathered up, was eagerly seized as an article likely to be marketable. The Sonnets had been circulated privately for many years. Meres in his *Wit's Treasury*, eleven years before, speaks expressly of "his sugared Sonnets among his private friends." Mr. Thorpe, an enterprising

publisher of that day, was the first to collect and print these floating poems. Such appears to have been the real origin of the publication. It was surreptitious.

There have been numerous conjectures as to who is meant by W. H. to whom the poems are dedicated. Farmer conjectured it to be the poet's nephew, William Hart. Tyrwhitt guessed it to be W. Hughes or Hews, from a line in the twentieth Sonnet,

"A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,"

which in the original edition is printed in the old spelling thus:—

"A man in hew all Hews in his controwling."

Dr. Drake imagined W. H. to stand by inversion for H. W. and to mean Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, to whom Shakespeare dedicated his *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Rape of Lucrece*. Mr. Boaden contends that W. H. means William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke.

One fatal objection lies against all of these suppositions. The Mr. W. H., addressed by the publisher, is called "the *only* begetter of the Sonnets." Now, if "begetter" is here used in its ordinary sense, of the "inspirer" of the Sonnets, the man or woman to whom they are addressed, who was the cause of their being written, it is impossible to believe that they were all inspired by the same person. The majority of them are certainly addressed to a man. But there are some of them that we cannot suppose thus addressed, without giving them a meaning at once shocking and unnatural. The sentiments expressed in them are those inspired by a woman, not a man, if I know anything of the matter. As addressed to a woman, they are beautiful and appropriate. Addressed to a man, they would be to the last degree revolting. Take for instance the 128th. It is addressed to some one playing on the Virginal, an instrument of music in use in the time of Elizabeth, somewhat like the piano, the keys called "jacks," being of wood.

"How oft, when thou, my music, music playest
Upon that blessed wood, whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently swayest
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand.
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blessed than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss."

Nearly all the twenty-six sonnets (127-152), which Mr. Brown groups together as forming

the sixth poem, are as clearly addressed to a female as this just quoted. Take for instance the 132d.

"Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain;
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
Oh, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear, beauty herself is black,
And all thy foul that thy complexion lack."

These are certainly the sentiments of a man towards a woman. They express no other relation. In some of the Sonnets the object of the writer's admiration is mentioned in the feminine gender as "she" and "her," and is expressly called his "mistress." If "begetter" of the Sonnets then means the inspirer of them, Mr. W. H. could not have been the *only* begetter.

An attempt has been made to get rid of this difficulty by an ingenious verbal criticism. "Getter," it is said, means in common parlance "one who gets or obtains," an obtainer. "Begetter," it is thought, might have borne the same construction in the time of Shakespeare. The "begetter" of the Sonnets was the one who "got" them for the publisher—hunted them up among Shakespeare's friends—procured copies of them—made the collection—the "only" one who had thus collected them—"the only begetter of these ensuing Sonnets." If this is not strained, I know nothing of the laws or practice of exegesis.

On the whole, I am inclined to believe that the publisher used the term "begetter" in its ordinary sense of inspirer; that he believed the Sonnets all addressed to one person, and that person a man; that he numbered them by design, regarding them as consecutive throughout, the whole forming a sort of connected poem, like the *Amoretti* of Spenser. I find in this supposition only an evidence of the publisher's carelessness, ignorance, or want of judgment. To suppose the Sonnets all inspired by a male friend, is certainly preposterous—yet not more so, than is the order in which many of them are arranged. Some of them are printed as consecutive that have no sort of connexion, while others that are intimately connected in sentiment and even in the mode of expression, and evidently meant to be consecutive, are widely separated. The want of discernment perceptible in the collocation of some and in the manifest dislocation of others, is sufficient to warrant us in believing the pub-

lisher stupid enough to suppose them all consecutive and all inspired by one object.

In other words, I consider both the numerical arrangement and the dedication of the Sonnets in the original edition as of no authority. This is an important point in their interpretation. If the original edition, dedication, numbering, and all, had the sanction of the author, I am free to say that the Sonnets of Shakspeare, in connexion with his character as developed in his life and his other writings, form the darkest and in some respects the most painful enigma in the history of the human intellect. But, regarding that edition as surreptitious, and the numbering and dedication as merely expressing the opinions of one who has left no evidence of having had any special means of information, we are relieved of most of the difficulties with which the subject is pressed, and are left free to interpret each Sonnet separately and independently. Whether it was addressed to a male or female friend, whether it was written early or late in life, whether it was intended as the expression of Shakspeare's own feelings, or was composed (as was sometimes the custom in those days) fictitiously, that is, to express the feelings of any person in the circumstances imagined—these are questions which the reader may decide in each particular case by what he knows of Shakspeare's

character and history from other sources and from the internal evidence of the Sonnet itself.

On this principle of interpretation, the Sonnets which agree in their general features may be grouped together without reference to the original numbering; some may be regarded, as they evidently are, entirely isolated; some may be considered, as they evidently are, autobiographical; and some may be not unreasonably considered as fictitious. Such a mode of interpretation removes all the offensive features from these splendid compositions, and makes them harmonize with the general character of the author and of his other writings. The only objection to such an interpretation is that it throws overboard the authority of the first edition. As there is no evidence that that edition had in any way the sanction of Shakspeare, but on the contrary the facts seem rather to indicate that it was surreptitious and fraudulent; as within thirty-one years after that publication, and within twenty-four years after the death of Shakspeare himself, another edition was published, the second, disregarding entirely the numerical arrangement of the first, showing that its authority was questioned even then, I think we may safely do so now. In accordance with this view of the subject, I propose in a subsequent paper to notice, severally or by groups, the Sonnets themselves.

INVOCATION.

BY CAROLINE MAY.

"I strive with yearnings vain,
The spirit to detain
Of the deep harmonies that past me roll."—HEMANS.

SPIRIT of Poesie! Why art thou filling
The air I breathe with holy symphonies,
Which float so near, my soul is ever thrilling
With the deep sense of a wild music breeze,
And yet so far, that I can never tell
What mean the heaven-born songs I love so well?
Why must I die to catch the lofty words,
Whose dim tones shake with joy my spirit's chords?

Spirit of Poesie! Why art thou ever
Haunting my path in sunshine and in rain?
Hovering so near that I, alas! can never
Lose for a moment the strange mingled pain
And sweetness of thy presence, yet so far,
That I as soon might call on some lone star,
Glittering mid clouds of darkness, as on thee,
To ease my fettered soul and set it free.

Spirit of Poesie! Why art thou showing,
Nay, *holding out* thy golden cup to me,
Full of charmed waters taken bright and glowing
From the mysterious fount of Castaly,

So near, and yet so far? Like Tantalus,
But that *his* thirst was *fabled*, even thus
Pant I in vain to taste the waters cold,
Whose crystal pureness sighing I behold.

Spirit of Poesie! Take me to thy fountain,
And torture me no more with longings vain;
Oh! let me slake my thirst beside that mountain,
Where thou dost dwell with all thy kindred train.
Instruct me in thy temple how to pour
The feelings that now uselessly gush o'er,
In glorious numbers, that may as they roll,
Exalt, enlarge, revivify my soul.

Spirit of Poesie! Not for exultation,
Oh! not for fame, one breath of empty fame,
Send I to thee this fervent supplication
For thy best gift of heaven-directed flame;
But that the swelling love, which cannot die,
Fed by the beauty of God's earth and sky,
By all things noble, all things fair and free,
Bursting in holy song may find a voice through thee.

THE BAK-CHESARIAN FOUNTAIN.

A TALE OF THE TAURIDE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL RUSSIAN OF ALEXANDER POOSHKEEN

BY WILLIAM D. LEWIS.

MUTE sat Giray, with downcast eye,
As though some spell in sorrow bound him,
His slavish courtiers thronging nigh,
In sad expectance stood around him.
The lips of all had silence sealed,
Whilst, bent on him, each look observant,
Saw grief's deep trace and passion fervent
Upon his gloomy brow revealed.
But the proud Khan his dark eye raising,
And on the courtiers fiercely gazing,
Gave signal to them to begone!
The chief, unwitnessed and alone,
Now yields him to his bosom's smart,
Deeper upon his brow severe
Is traced the anguish of his heart;
As full fraught clouds on mirrors clear
Reflected terrible appear!

What fills that haughty soul with pain?
What thoughts such madd'ning tumults cause?
With Russia plots he war again?
Would he to Poland dictate laws?
Say, is the sword of vengeance glancing?
Does bold revolt claim nature's right?
Do realms oppressed alarm excite?
Or sabres of fierce foes advancing?
Ah no! no more his proud steed prancing
Beneath him guides the Khan to war,—
Such thoughts his mind has banished far.

Has treason scaled the harem's wall,
Whose height might treason's self appal,
And slavery's daughter fled his power,
To yield her to the daring Giaour?

No! pining in his harem sadly,
No wife of his would act so madly;
To wish or think they scarcely dare;
By wretches, cold and heartless, guarded,
Hope from each breast so long discarded,
Treason could never enter there.
Their beauties unto none revealed,
They bloom within the harem's towers,
As in a hot-house bloom the flowers
Which erst perfumed Arabia's field.
To them the days in sameness dreary,
And months and years pass slow away,
In solitude, of life grown weary,
Well pleased they see their charms decay.
Each day, alas! the past resembling,
Time loiters through their halls and bowers;
In idleness, and fear, and trembling,
The captives pass their joyless hours.
The youngest seek, indeed, reprieve
Their hearts in striving to deceive
Into oblivion of distress,
By vain amusements, gorgeous dress,
Or by the noise of living streams,

In soft translucency meand'ring,
To lose their thoughts in fancy's dreams,
Through shady groves together wand'ring.
But the vile eunuch too is there,
In his base duty ever zealous,
Escape is hopeless to the fair
From ear so keen and eye so jealous.
He ruled the harem, order reigned
Eternal there; the trusted treasure
He watched with loyalty unfeigned,
His only law his chieftain's pleasure,
Which as the Koran he maintained.
His soul love's gentle flame derides,
And like a statue he abides
Hatred, contempt, reproaches, jests,
Nor prayers relax his temper rigid,
Nor timid sighs from tender breasts,
To all alike the wretch is frigid.
He knows how woman's sighs can melt,
Freeman and bondman, he had felt
Her art in days when he was younger;
Her silent tear, her suppliant look,
Which once his heart confiding shook,
Now move not,—he believes no longer!

When, to relieve the noontide heat,
The captives go their limbs to lave,
And in sequestered, cool retreat
Yield all their beauties to the wave,
No stranger eye their charms may greet,
But their strict guard is ever nigh,
Viewing with unimpassioned eye
These beauteous daughters of delight;
He constant, even in gloom of night,
Through the still harem cautious stealing,
Silent, o'er carpet-covered floors,
And gliding through half-opened doors,
From couch to couch his pathway feeling,
With envious and unwearied care
Watching the unsuspecting fair;
And whilst in sleep unguarded lying,
Their slightest movement, breathing, sighing,
He catches with devouring ear.
O! curst that moment inauspicious
Should some loved name in dreams be sighed,
Or youth her unpermitted wishes
To friendship venture to confide.

* * * * *

What pang is Giray's bosom tearing?
Extinguished is his loved *choubouk*,*
Whilst or to move or breathe scarce daring,
The eunuch watches every look;
Quick as the chief, approaching near him,
Beckons, the door is open thrown,
And Giray wanders through his harem
Where joy to him no more is known.

* A Turkish pipe.

Near to a fountain's lucid waters
 Captivity's unhappy daughters
 The Khan await, in fair array,
 Around on silken carpets crowded,
 Viewing, beneath a heaven unclouded,
 With childish joy the fishes play
 And o'er the marble cleave their way,
 Whose golden scales are brightly glancing,
 And on the mimic billows dancing.
 Now female slaves in rich attire
 Serve sherbet to the beauteous fair,
 Whilst plaintive strains from viewless choir
 Float sudden on the ambient air.

TARTAR SONG.

I.

Heaven visits man with days of sadness
 Embitters oft his nights with tears;
 Blest is the Fakir who with gladness
 Views Mecca in declining years.

II.

Blest he who sees pale Death await him
 On Danube's ever glorious shore;
 The girls of Paradise shall greet him,
 And sorrows ne'er afflict him more.

III.

But he more blest, O beauteous Zarem!
 Who quits the world and all its woes,
 To clasp thy charms within the harem,
 Thou lovelier than the unplucked rose!

They sing, but where, alas! is Zarem,
 Love's star, the glory of the harem?
 Pallid and sad no praise she hears,
 Deaf to all sounds of joy her ears,
 Downcast with grief, her youthful form
 Yields like the palm tree to the storm,
 Fair Zarem's dreams of bliss are o'er,
 Her loved Giray loves her no more!

He leaves thee! yet whose charms divine
 Can equal, fair Grusinian! thine?
 Shading thy brow, thy raven hair
 Its lily fairness makes more fair;
 Thine eyes of love appear more bright
 Than noonday's beam, more dark than night;
 Whose voice like thine can breathe of blisses,
 Filling the heart with soft desire?
 Like thine, ah! whose inflaming kisses
 Can kindle passion's wildest fire?
 Who that has felt thy twining arms
 Could quit them for another's charms?
 Yet cold, and passionless, and cruel,
 Giray can thy vast love despise,
 Passing the lonesome night in sighs
 Heaved for another; fiercer fuel
 Burns in his heart since the fair Pole
 Is placed within the chief's control.

The young Maria recent war
 Had borne in conquest from afar;
 Not long her love-enkindling eyes
 Had gazed upon these foreign skies;
 Her aged father's boast and pride,
 She bloomed in beauty by his side;
 Each wish was granted ere expressed.
 She to his heart the object dearest,
 His sole desire to see her blessed;
 As when the skies from clouds are clearest,

Still from her youthful heart to chase
 Her childish sorrows his endeavour,
 Hoping in after life that never
 Her woman's duties might efface
 Remembrance of her earlier hours,
 But oft that fancy would retrace
 Life's blissful spring-time decked in flowers.
 Her form a thousand charms unfolded,
 Her face by beauty's self was moulded,
 Her dark blue eyes were full of fire,—
 All nature's stores on her were lavished;
 The magic harp with soft desire,
 When touched by her, the senses ravished.
 Warriors and knights had sought in vain
 Maria's virgin heart to move,
 And many a youth in secret pain
 Pined for her in despairing love.
 But love she knew not, in her breast
 Tranquil it had not yet intruded,
 Her days in mirth, her nights in rest,
 In her paternal halls secluded,
 Passed heedless, peace her bosom's guest.

That time is past! The Tartar's force
 Rushed like a torrent o'er her nation,—
 Rages less fierce the conflagration
 Devouring harvests in its course,—
 Poland it swept with devastation,
 Involving all in equal fate,
 The villages, once mirthful, vanished,
 From their red ruins joy was banished,
 The gorgeous palace desolate!
 Maria is the victor's prize;—
 Within the palace chapel laid,
 Slumb'ring among th' illustrious dead,
 In recent tomb her father lies;
 His ancestors repose around,
 Long freed from life and its alarms;
 With coronets and princely arms
 Bedecked their monuments abound!
 A base successor now holds sway,—
 Maria's natal halls his hand
 Tyrannic rules, and strikes dismay
 And wo throughout the ravaged land.

Alas! the Princess sorrow's chalice
 Is fated to the dregs to drain,
 Immured in Bak-Chesaria's palace
 She sighs for liberty in vain;
 The Khan observes the maiden's pain.
 His heart is at her grief afflicted,
 His bosom strange emotions fill,
 And least of all Maria's will
 Is by the harem's laws restricted.
 The hateful guard, of all the dread,
 Learns silent to respect and fear her,
 His eye ne'er violates her bed,
 Nor day nor night he ventures near her;
 To her he dares not speak rebuke,
 Nor on her cast suspecting look.
 Her bath she sought by none attended,
 Except her chosen female slave,
 The Khan to her such freedom gave;
 But rarely he himself offended
 By visits, the desponding fair,
 Remotely lodged, none else intruded;
 It seemed as though some jewel rare,
 Something unearthly were secluded,
 And careful kept untroubled there.
 Within her chamber thus secure,
 By virtue guarded, chaste and pure,
 The lamp of faith, incessant burning,
 The VIRGIN's image blest illumed,
 The comfort of the spirit mourning
 And trust of those to sorrow doomed.
 The holy symbol's face reflected
 The rays of hope in splendour bright,

And the rapt soul by faith directed
To regions of eternal light.

Maria, near the VIRGIN kneeling,
In silence gave her anguish way,
Unnoticed by the crowd unfeeling,
And whilst the rest, or sad or gay,
Wasted in idleness the day.

The sacred image still concealing,
Before it pouring forth her prayer,
She watched with ever jealous care;
Even as our hearts to error given,
Yet lighted by a spark from heaven,
Howe'er from virtue's paths we swerve,
One holy feeling still preserve.

* * *
Now night invests with black apparel
Luxurious Tauride's verdant fields,
Whilst her sweet notes from groves of laurel
The plaintive Philomela yields.

But soon night's glorious queen, advancing
Through cloudless skies to the stars' song,
Scatters the hills and dales along,
The lustre of her rays entrancing.

In Bak-Chesaria's streets roamed free
The Tartars' wives in garb befitting,
They like unprisoned shades were flitting
From house to house their friends to see,
And while the evening hours away
In harmless sports or converse gay.

The inmates of the harem slept;—
Still was the palace, night impending
—O'er all her silent empire kept;

The eunuch guard, no more offending
The fair ones by his presence, now
Slumbered, but fear his soul attending
Troubled his rest and knit his brow;
Suspicion kept his fancy waking,
And on his mind incessant preyed,
The air the slightest murmur breaking
Assailed his ear with sounds of dread.

Now, by some noise deceitful cheated,
Starts from his sleep the timid slave,
Listens to hear the noise repeated,
But all is silent as the grave,
Save where the fountains softly sounding
Break from their marble prisons free,
Or night's sweet birds the scene surrounding
Pour forth their notes of melody:
Long does he hearken to the strain,
Then sinks fatigued in sleep again.

Luxurious East! how soft thy nights,
What magic through the soul they pour!
How fruitful they of fond delights
To those who Mahomet adore!
What splendour in each house is found,
Each garden seems enchanted ground;
Within the harem's precincts quiet
Beneath fair Luna's placid ray,
When angry feelings cease to riot
There love inspires with softer away!

* * *
The women sleep;—but one is there
Who sleeps not; goaded by despair
Her couch she quits with dread intent,
On awful errand is she bent;
Breathless she through the door swift flying
Passes unseen; her timid feet
Scarce touch the floor, she glides so fleet.

In doubtful slumber restless lying
The eunuch thwarts the fair one's path,
Ah! who can speak his bosom's wrath?
False is the quiet sleep would throw
Around that gray and care-worn brow;
She like a spirit vanished by
Viewless, unheard as her own sigh!

* * *

The door she reaches, trembling ope,
Enters, and looks around with awe,
What sorrows, anguish, terrors, hopes,
Rushed through her heart at what she saw!
The image of the sacred maid,
The Christian's matron, reigning there,
And cross attracted first the fair,
By the dim lamp-light scarce displayed!
Oh! Grusinka, of earlier days
The vision burst upon thy soul,
The tongue long silent uttered praise,
The heart throbs high, but sin's control
Cannot escape, 'tis passion, passion sways!

The Princess in a maid's repose
Slumbered, her cheek, tinged like the rose,
By feverish thought, in beauty blooms,
And the fresh tear that stains her face
A smile of tenderness illumines.
Thus, cheers the moon fair Flora's race,
When by the rain oppress they lie
The charm and grief of every eye!
It seemed as though an angel slept
From heaven descended, who, distressed,
Vented the feelings of his breast,
And for the harem's inmates wept!
Alas! poor Zarem, wretched fair,
By anguish urged to mere despair,
On bended knee, in tone subdued
And melting strain, for pity sued.

"Oh! spurn not such a suppliant's prayer!"
Her tones so sad, her sighs so deep,
Startled the Princess in her sleep;
Wond'ring, she views with dread before her
The stranger beauty, frightened hears
For mercy her soft voice implore her,
Raises her up with trembling hand,
And makes of her the quick demand,
"Who speaks? in night's still hour alone,
Wherefore art here?" "A wretched one,
To thee I come," the fair replied,
"A suitor not to be denied;
Hope, hope alone my soul sustains;
Long have I happiness enjoyed,
And lived from sorrow free and care,
But now, alas! a prey to pains
And terrors, Princess hear my prayer,
Oh! listen, or I am destroyed!
Not here beheld I first the light,
Far hence my native land, but yet
Alas! I never can forget

Objects once precious to my sight;
Well I remember towering mountains,
Snow-ridged, replete with boiling fountains,
Woods pervious scarce to wolf or deer,
Nor faith, nor manners such as here;
But, by what cruel fate o'ercome,
How I was snatched, or when, from home
I know not,—well the heaving ocean
Do I remember, and its roar,
But, ah! my heart such wild commotion
As shakes it now ne'er felt before.
I in the harem's quiet bloomed,
Tranquil myself, waiting, alas!
With willing heart what love had doomed:
Its secret wishes came to pass:
Giray his peaceful harem sought,
For feats of war no longer burned,
Nor, pleased, upon its horrors thought,
To these fair scenes again returned.

"Before the Khan with bosoms beating
We stood, timid my eyes I raised,
When suddenly our glances meeting,
I drank in rapture as I gazed;
He called me to him,—from that hour
We lived in bliss beyond the power

Of evil thought or wicked word,
The tongue of calumny unheard,
Suspicion, doubt, or jealous fear,
Or weariness alike unknown,
Princess, thou comest a captive here,
And all my joys are overthrown,
Giray with sinful passion burns,
His soul possessed of thee alone,
My tears and sighs the traitor spurns;
No more his former thoughts, nor feeling
For me now cherishes Giray,
Scarce his disgust, alas! concealing,
He from my presence hastes away.
Princess, I know the fault not thine
That Giray loves thee, oh! then hear
A suppliant wretch, nor spurn her prayer!
Throughout the harem none but thou
Could rival beauties such as mine
Nor make him violate his vow;
Yet, Princess! in thy bosom cold
The heart to mine left thus forlorn,
The love I feel cannot be told,
For passion, Princess, was I born.
Yield me Giray then; with these tresses
Oft have his wandering fingers played,
My lips still glow with his caresses,
Snatched as he sighed, and swore, and prayed,
Oaths broken now so often plighted!
Hearts mingled once now disunited!
His treason I cannot survive;
Thou seest I weep, I bend my knee,
Ah! if to pity thou'rt alive,
My former love restore to me.
Reply not! thee I do not blame,
Thy beauties have bewitched Giray,
Blinded his heart to love and fame,
Then yield him up to me, I pray,
Or by contempt, repulse, or grief,
Turn from thy love th' ungenerous chief!
Swear by thy *faith*, for what though mine
Conform now to the Koran's laws,
Acknowledged here within the harem,
Princess, my mother's faith was thine,
By that faith swear to give to Zarem
Giray unaltered, as he was!
But listen! the sad prey to scorn
If I must live, Princess, have care,
A dagger still doth Zarem wear,—
I near the Caucasus was born!"

She spake, then sudden disappeared,
And left the Princess in dismay,
Who scarce knew what or why she feared;
Such words of passion till that day
She ne'er had heard. Alas! was she
To be the ruthless chieftain's prey?
Vain was all hope his grasp to flee.
Oh! God, that in some dungeon's gloom
Remote, forgotten, she had lain,
Or that it were her blessed doom
To 'scape dishonour, life, and pain!
How would Maria with delight
This world of wretchedness resign;
Vanished of youth her visions bright,
Abandoned she to fates malign!
Sinless she to the world was given,
And so remains, thus pure and fair,
Her soul is called again to heaven,
And angel joys await it there!

Days passed away; Maria slept
Peaceful, no cares disturbed her, now,—
From earth the orphan maid was swept.
But who knew when, or where, or how?
If prey to grief or pain she fell,
If slain or heaven-struck, who can tell?

VOL. V.

She sleeps; her loss the chieftain grieves,
And his neglected harem leaves,
Flies from its tranquil precincts far,
And with his Tartars takes the field,
Fierce rushes mid the din of war,
And brave the foe that does not yield,
For mad despair hath nerved his arm,
Though in his heart is grief concealed,
With passion's hopeless transports warm.
His blade he swings aloft in air
And wildly brandishes, then low
It falls, whilst he with pallid stare
Gazes, and tears in torrents flow.

His harem by the chief deserted,
In foreign lands he warring roved,
Long nor in wish nor thought reverted
To scene once cherished and beloved.
His women to the eunuch's rage
Abandoned, pined and sank in age;
The fair Grusinian now no more
Yielded her soul to passion's power,
Her fate was with Maria's blended,
On the same night their sorrows ended;
Seized by mute guards the hapless fair
Into a deep abyss they threw,—
If vast her crime, through love's despair,
Her punishment was dreadful too!

At length th' exhausted Khan returned,
Enough of waste his sword had dealt,
The Russian cot no longer burned,
Nor Caucasus his fury felt.
In token of Maria's loss
A marble fountain he upreared
In spot recluse;—the Christian's cross
Upon the monument appeared,
(Surmounting it a crescent bright,
Emblem of ignorance and night!)
Th' inscription mid the silent waste
Not yet has time's rude hand effaced,
Still do the gurgling waters pour
Their streams dispensing sadness round,
As mothers weep for sons no more,
In never-ending sorrows drowned.
In morn fair maids, (and twilight late,)
Roam where this monument appears,
And pitying poor Maria's fate
Entitle it the FOUNT OF TEARS!

My native land abandoned long,
I sought this realm of love and song.
Through Bak-Chesaria's palace wandered,
Upon its vanished greatness pondered;
All silent now those spacious halls,
And courts deserted, once so gay
With feasters thronged within their walls,
Carousing after battle fray.
Even now each desolated room
And ruined garden luxury breathes,
The fountains play, the roses bloom,
The vine unnoticed twines its wreaths,
Gold glistens, shrubs exhale perfume.
The shattered casements still are there
Within which once, in days gone by,
Their beads of amber chose the fair,
And heaved the unregarded sigh;
The cemetery there I found,
Of conquering khans the last abode,
Columns with marble turbans crowned
Their resting-place the traveller showed,
And seemed to speak fate's stern decree,
"As they are now such all shall be!"
Where now those chiefs? the harem where?
Alas! how sad scene once so fair!
Now breathless silence chains the air!

But not of this my mind was full,
 The roses' breath, the fountains flowing,
 The sun's last beam its radiance throwing
 Around, all served my heart to lull
 Into forgetfulness, when lo!
 A maiden's shade, fairer than snow,
 Across the court swift winged its flight;—
 Whose shade, oh friends! then struck my sight?
 Whose beauteous image hovering near
 Filled me with wonder and with fear?
 Maria's form beheld I then?
 Or was it the unhappy Zarem,
 Who jealous thither came again
 To roam through the deserted harem?
 That tender look I cannot flee,
 Those charms still earthly still I see!

* * * *

He who the muse and peace adores,
 Forgetting glory, love, and gold,

Again thy ever flowery shores
 Soon, Salgir! joyful shall behold;
 The bard shall wind thy rocky ways
 Filled with fond sympathies, shall view
 Tauride's bright skies and waves of blue
 With greedy and enraptured gaze.
 Enchanting region! full of life
 Thy hills, thy woods, thy leaping streams,
 Ambered and rubied vines, all rife
 With pleasure, spot of fairy dreams!
 Valleys of verdure, fruits, and flowers,
 Cool waterfalls and fragrant bowers!
 All serve the traveller's heart to fill
 With joy as he in hour of morn
 By his accustomed steed is borne
 In safety o'er dell, rock, and hill,
 Whilst the rich herbage, bent with dews,
 Sparkles and rustles on the ground,
 As he his venturous path pursues
 Where AYODAHGA'S crags surround!

THE TREASURE-SEEKER,

OR THE ADVENTURES OF CHRISTOPHE RICHSTIEN.

BY MRS. E. S. SWIFT.

"What is here?"

Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?

Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;

Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant."

SHAKESPEARE.

"DONNER und blitzen! woman, will you hold your tongue? A man cannot take a walk of nights, without your silly gabble, dinning his ears for ever about it."

"Yes—but Christophe, the neighbours say, you are after no good in that lonesome place down the river, night after night."

"I don't care a stiver what the neighbours say, Frau Richstien. They will open their eyes, and their mouths too, some day, wide enough. If you *could* keep a secret, I might tell you something that would make you dance like little Cinda, when she peeped into her Christmas stocking."

"O, indeed, Christophe, good husband, I will be as still as death, indeed, indeed I will."

"Yes, yes, Frau, until some of your gossips come in. But this secret you will be a fool to tell to any one; for it concerns yourself and our little ones too. Harken, mistress; do you see Squire Rollins' big house yonder? Well, before this month is out, I hope to have money enough to build a square of such houses; aye, and keep more horses than Joe Bennet has in all his stables. But mind—one word of all this from your lips to any of our neighbours, would ruin everything; so be still, Cathrena Richstien, and be a prudent wife, and wait for what you will see."

Christophe took from a peg his old plaid cloak and hat, and bidding her go to bed betimes, for he would not be back very soon, opened the street door and was soon out of sight.

Frau Richstien sat for a quarter of an hour, where her husband had left her; her knitting had fallen from her hands in her entire astonishment at his mysterious words; her eyes were dilated to their utmost extension—her mouth pursed up, as if she was afraid to open her lips, lest the wonderful secret might make its escape. And so we will leave her, reader, and follow Christophe.

Christophe Richstien was a German, who had emigrated to the United States with several of his brothers, during the war that devastated the Fatherland, in 1813. His father had been a teacher at the Lutheran school, in Nierstein, on the river Rhine, near Oppenheim. Christophe had received a good education at one of the free schools, but he had imbibed with his learning all the superstitions so prevalent at that period in the provinces. He was a firm believer in demons, fairies, and good and bad influences depending upon the conjunction of certain planets. He wore constantly upon his person a charmed amulet, given to him in his boyhood by a decrepit and sunburnt woman, an Alrune,

or gipsy prophetess. He had been the means of saving her from being dragged through the college pond, by some mischievous wags of the school. The old crone assured him, that as long as he possessed this treasure, he would be defended from the malice and power of the bad spirits that abide on the earth to influence the destinies of men. That as this earth was filled with light and darkness, so also, it was the kingdom of good and evil beings, who, clothed in air, were invisible to mortals, unless their sight had been purified by deep afflictions, or religious abstinence. She also drew the boy's horoscope, and foretold that in a distant land, among a strange people, in his forty-second year, he would become rich and great.

Christophe kept these prophecies to himself; but the influence they had upon his life, was fatal to his industry and usefulness. His trade was a good one, and constant employment was at his option. But though his wife and children were objects to him of the deepest affection, he neglected his business, and consequently their comfortable support, for long and solitary rambles in out-of-the-way places. One day he would be seen on the top of a mountain, peering about as if in search of something he had lost; the next, emerging from some tangled wood or wild ravine; his head bent, and his eyes always seeking the ground. Of course, he became an object of curiosity and suspicion to many, and his immediate neighbours and acquaintances would say, "Christophe was a queer visionary man, that would come to no good, yet."

Always taciturn, he evaded the questions of the inquisitive and meddling, by monosyllables; and would speak on any other subject but the one which occupied his thoughts day and night.

In Nierstein, Christophe had been cantor to the Lutheran church. His voice was a fine tenor, and when first he came to the village, he would frequently sing the solemn old psalm tunes, learned in the Fatherland—but of late years, his taste in music had undergone a singular change. Snatches of wild songs of buccaneers and pirates; ballads like "Eugene Aram," descriptive of awful murder and guilt, had become his favourites. One song, said to have been written by the celebrated pirate "Blackbeard," he sang so frequently, that all the children in his neighbourhood knew it as well as their alphabet.

Twilight has deepened into night, and the moon is silvering the tops of the dark pines on the Jersey shore. Christophe is seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, on the Pennsylvania side of the river. Its dead branches fret and plunge with the uplifting waves, breaking the waters into a thousand dimples, that shimmer in the moonbeams like priceless gems. Christophe is absorbed in deep thought, his eyes fixed upon

one spot. Is he calculating the great age of the perishing monarch of the forest, whose moss-grown trunk affords him such a quiet resting-place? Is he in fancy, calling up the dim shapes of past ages, when this road was a wilderness? when the stars looked down upon the dusky tribes who made this beautiful land their home, and saw no limits to their territory? Or, in the calm stillness of this sweet summer evening, is he listening to the shrill cry of the piercing warwhoop echoing from shore to shore? does he see the council fires of the chiefs flashing among the dark woodlands, or the light canoe, floating like a sea-bird over the blue waters? No—Christophe is insensible to all such influences. He is thinking of one, whose earthly path was tracked by blood and desolation—the rover of the seas—the dreaded pirate—Blackbeard! He is estimating the chances to himself of appropriating the buried treasures of the freebooter.

For long months he has been busy in searching the shores of the Delaware River. He is the owner of a small boat, in which he has made many a nightly voyage, whilst others slept. It is furnished with spades, pickaxes, and sundry articles for excavating the earth. By day, it is concealed with the utmost care and caution, for Christophe fears some prying Yankee may infringe upon his rights to the El Dorado that he hopes he has at length discovered.

About two miles from —, on the Pennsylvania shore of the Delaware River, a ledge of rocks rises abruptly from the land, covered with shrubs and dwarf trees. Their projecting pinnacles, towering upward to a considerable height, seem so slightly poised that the pedestrian, beholding them from the road below, almost fancies they are about to fall, and crush him in their descent. From the summit you pause at the diversified and fairy-like beauty of the scene before you.

Hill and valley, luxuriant in their summer verdure, covered with rich masses of foliage, border the Pennsylvania side, whilst the Jersey shore is fringed with dark evergreens and trailing plants, whose graceful festoons are waving in the gay sunshine. A few white houses are seen at intervals, half hidden by clumps of pine, that reflect their sombre shadows on the face of the bright river that goes rippling past, its waves making soft music. At the base of the largest rock a piece appears to have been cut out, as if done by the labour of man, and a cross, with some strange characters below it, is rudely carved in the centre. In this locality a scene of death and superstition was enacted, still well remembered by the ancient people of the valley. This spot is many miles from his home; but Christophe's distance is no impedi-

ment to Christophe's enterprise. He was even rejoiced that his secret was so far removed from the eyes of his inquisitive neighbours. Rumour already had been busy with his good name; ill-natured tongues had generated domestic broils between his wife and himself, from his long-protracted absence from his business and family. But what of that?—his wealth would be incalculable. Gold was the magic key that unlocked all hearts. He knew that when he was able to scatter his dollars lavishly, those now the first to blame would be foremost to applaud and honour him.

The fabulous rumours, exaggerated into the supernatural, that were rife respecting Blackbeard along the shores of the Delaware, had been discussed again and again by himself and a fellow-countryman, who lived quite near the place where it was suspected the treasure was buried. This man Christophe had been obliged to take into his confidence, for the excavation he had already made was too deep for his unassisted strength.

Hahns Kraemer had been sworn to secrecy by strange and mystical ceremonies belonging to the superstitions of the father-land. His simple mind believed in them with a lover's faith. Christophe had worked not only upon his fears but his hopes—he had promised him a share in the booty if their enterprise was successful.

It is near midnight. Christophe has fastened his boat, and is now standing by a pile of loose earth covered with brushwood. No one would imagine from the appearance of this tangled heap that it had been disturbed for years. But Christophe knows the disposition of every stick and briar. How closely he examines it on every side. He smiles with satisfaction to perceive that it remains as he left it a week ago. This is the spot that he firmly believes is the El Dorado of the pirate. It is immediately at the base of the rock with the carved cross where he has made his excavation. Here at intervals he has been industriously digging for many weeks, and now, on this night, if ever, he must reap the reward of so much labour and trouble; for it is his birth-night—when the clock strikes twelve he will be forty-two years old. It is the time, too, dimly shadowed forth in the Alrune's prophecy, that he should become rich and great. He congratulates himself with having managed thus far everything with secrecy and success. Already he has dug down to the depth of nearly twenty feet. It cannot be much lower. But what detains Hahns Kraemer?

Christophe looked at his old silver watch. Ah! it wants an hour of the appointed time; so he will walk down the road, for his limbs feel cramped from sitting so long in his boat.

He went joyously forward, like a boy of eighteen—his mind was a chaos of strange fancies. Wealth! unlimited wealth! what should he do with so much money? He could not calm the beatings of his heart. Ah, he knew how he would spend his treasure; he would buy houses and lands, horses, cattle. This he felt to be insufficient for his vast desires. No, he would return to Germany, that dear fatherland! and tears, true and earnest tears of affection, were coursing down his cheeks at the thought of his boyhood's home. Poor Christophe!

But, hark! his mood has changed; and now, in clear, rich tones, he is singing the pirate's song. We will listen to him, reader.

Bury my treasure deep, my boys,
Bury it safe and deep,
For years, perchance, in this western world
This stream must the secret keep.

There, where that gray rock lifts its head,
Like a sentinel, stern and grim,
That is the grave for my iron chest,
With gold heaped up to the brim.

Diamonds, and rubies, and orient pearls,
Are shining together there;
With many a rich and costly gem,
A queen might be proud to wear.

But ah! they were dearly bought, my boys,
With cutlass, and sword, and brand—
It will take all the waters of earth to wash
The blood-stains from my hand.

Ofttimes, when the nights are stormy and dark,
I think I hear on the blast,
The dying shrieks of the hoary priest
We nailed to the Spanish mast!

And the Portuguese girl we flung in the sea,
When she rose to the vessel's side,
How we hacked off the white hands clinging there,
Till the waves were with crimson dyed.

And the English ship we scuttled and burnt,
With its women and children fair.
O! I sometimes think I shall never forget
Those faces of wild despair!

But these are land thoughts, silly and weak,
That over my brave heart creep.
Once more on the deck of the Buccaneer,
We will put them all to sleep.

Now trample the earth down hard, my boys,
And pile the loose stones high,
That none may guess, that beneath this rock
The treasures of Blackbeard lie.

But before we go, I will carve a cross
With my bright Toledo steel;
And now to the boats, ere the morning's light
Shall our presence here reveal.

* * * * *

And never more, for this western world
Did those pirates cross the main;
And not, till eighty years, and a score,
Will that chest be found again.

Suddenly, a hand was laid upon his shoulder,

and Hahns Kraemer stood before him, but Christophe had been so accustomed to meet him in this place, that he evinced no surprise. The two men conversed long and earnestly; when again consulting his watch, Christophe announced that it wanted but five minutes to midnight, the hour he always descended into the excavation, and they arose, and pursued the path that led to the rock.

When in sight of it they again paused, and Christophe looked anxiously on every side, as if he feared that evil spirits were around them.

"Remember, Hahns," he said, "you are on no account to speak one word—no matter what you may see or hear, be silent; for on your silence our success, ay, even our very lives depend. Even a whisper from your lips, would bring upon us both swift destruction! Let down the bucket, and when I fill it with earth, draw it up carefully and steadily with the windlass. To night, or never, I shall find the pirate's treasure."

Hahns faithfully promised to obey his instructions; when Christophe, again turning to his already frightened companion, said,

"I feel that the spirits of the invisible world are even now hovering about us. The air is filled with them to-night. O! there will be a sore battle fought with the fiend that guards the treasure; but the amulet I wear will protect us from the demon's power."

A loud clap of thunder, that reverberated among the hills, as if the fiend were answering the hostile charge against him, made them both tremble with superstitious dread. A dead silence prevailed for some minutes, and each stood gazing earnestly at the other. The moon, that had been shining with crystal splendour, was now obscured by dark masses of clouds; the wind in fierce gusts was sweeping into heavy waves the leaden-coloured waters of the river; and the tree-tops, swaying their leafy heads to the breeze, moaned loudly in the gathering storm. Again the thunder pealed from the shrouded heavens, accompanied by flashes of forked lightning, that played like a fiery pennon amid the deepening gloom, illuminating for a brief instant every object with vivid distinctness, and revealing the pale, horror-struck countenances of the men to each other.

This sudden outbreak of the elements, Christophe and Hahns believed firmly, was caused by supernatural influences. They thought, amid the crash of the thunder, that they heard mysterious whisperings borne on the air; wild words, and wilder shrieks appeared to mingle in the war of the tempest. The rain descended like a mighty torrent overleaping its boundaries; but still they stood, as if spellbound, regardless of its overwhelming force. Chris-

tophe was the first to regain his self-possession, and firmly grasping the arm of his companion, he moved towards the rock. Hahns, shaking in every limb, resisted with all his might the attempt to lead him in that direction; and, when at last Christophe's superior strength impelled him forward, he reeled like a drunken man, and seemed as if about to swoon. Strange to say, in all this pantomime, not a word was spoken by either, both being fearful of breaking the mysterious charm, they believed to be at work around them.

The storm subsided as suddenly as it had arisen; and again the moon breaking from the drifting clouds glittered among the trees laden with rain-drops, and the earth sent up her incense, filling the air with the fragrance of grasses and leaves. The cheerful moonlight appeared to revive their courage; and, although both felt anxious, if not apprehensive for the result of their temerity, in searching for treasure thus evidently guarded by evil spirits, they resolutely went to work, removing the piled brushwood from the excavation, and adjusting the windlass and bucket securely.

In a few moments all was in readiness, and Christophe, with his implements for digging, descended, and commenced his labours. Hahns, as silently and rapidly as possible, had five times drawn up and returned the bucket, and was in the act of lowering it again, when the rope becoming entangled, he impatiently exclaimed, "*der Teufel*," when the bucket slipping from his grasp, and striking against the side of the excavation in its rapid descent, in a moment, the saturated earth caved in with a noise like subterranean thunder, and buried Christophe beneath the surface. Hahns stood paralysed with horror at this unlooked-for misfortune; then with an energy that desperation alone could inspire, he eagerly began to dig away the loosened soil, calling upon Christophe in accents of passionate despair, or shouting for assistance, with scarce a hope, that in that lonesome spot, he would be heard. Poor wretch! how the deep silence of the summer's night mocked his agony. In vain, in his frantic calls, would he bend his ear close to the opening, hoping to receive an answer from Christophe. No word, no moan, evinced that suffering life was there!

And now a more fearful shadow fell on his spirit: fantastic and horrible images seemed gathering around him; he saw, or fancied that he saw, in the dark recesses of the woods, something moving towards him, with great eyes, glowing like liquid fire. It was certainly the evil fiend that guarded the treasure, coming for him also. At the thought, he bounded up the road, with wild cries, never pausing until he burst into the midst of some farmers, pro-

ceeding to the city with their early marketing. His startling intelligence soon spread far and near, and a party of some twenty men, with crowbars and spades, accompanied him back to the scene of the disaster, he never ceasing to implore them to hasten their already rapid movements.

After some hours of incessant labour, they came to the body of poor Christophe, covered with blood and dust. The weight of earth that had fallen upon him had crushed and mutilated him fearfully. His pallid face bore marks of extreme suffering, but he still breathed. He was borne to the nearest house, and medical aid summoned; but he survived only long enough to see his unhappy wife, and take a last farewell of her. Yet, to his dying moment, he persisted in declaring that he had seen the

pirate's chest, and was in the act of lifting it, when Hahns uttered the exclamation, and it suddenly sunk into the earth beneath his feet, and he was deprived of all consciousness.

He left a solemn charge to his son, when old enough, to prosecute the search in the same direction; and asserted, that he could not fail to obtain the hidden treasure.

But since the death of poor Christophe, no man has been found courageous enough to attempt the discovery of riches, thus guarded by malign influences. And those who are obliged to pass the rock after night-fall, say, that in the midst of summer they feel as if their hearts would freeze in their bosoms; and many affirm that they have seen strange shapes standing on its summit, too unnatural to belong to this world.

THE WOODEN PICTURE OF GEORGE SÜRLIN.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

BY C. B. BURKHARDT.

AUTHOR OF "FAIRY TALES AND LEGENDS OF MANY NATIONS."

SEVERAL hundred years ago, there lived in Germany a very gifted and pious artist, called *George Sürlin*; he was especially successful in the production of sacred pictures and images of saints, to which branch of his art he had devoted himself with so much love and enthusiasm, that he could scarcely get enough to do in it. Yet he never wanted work or orders, for his fame had spread far and near, and there were few large churches in the country, which did not possess a sacred picture by Master *George Sürlin*.

One day, as he was seated at work in his studio, there came to him some monks, emissaries of the monastery of *Blaubeuren*, in Switzerland, and asked him, whether he would paint a large and beautiful picture for the altar of their cloister chapel? It was not, however, to be painted upon canvass, or upon wood, but upon the wall back of the altar, and *George Sürlin*, if he would undertake the order, must therefore prepare himself for the long journey to *Blaubeuren*. He concluded to go, not so much on account of the great reward which the abbot of said cloister had promised him, but because the artist rejoiced that the reverend father so valued the limner's noble art, and had sent for him from afar. He resolved to devote all his powers and energies to that picture.

The abbot received the artist with open arms, conducted him to a high, airy, and beautiful chamber, the windows of which overlooked a

most exquisite landscape, and only left his guest to allow him time to sleep and rest, in order to enable him to commence his great work as soon as possible. When the early morning sun cast in its coming a purple hue upon the glaciers, Master *Sürlin* was already seated by his window, drawing inspiration from the glorious works of nature, for his forthcoming great work of art. As the painting advanced and more and more approached completion upon the white walls of the altar, the artist himself became enamoured of his handiwork, and at last confessed in his own mind that it was a master-work of rare beauty and perfection.

The monks and the abbot himself, who was a great *connoisseur*, rejoiced no little at the thought, that *George Sürlin*'s best picture should adorn their chapel, and thus make it an object of envy as well as admiration of the neighbouring cloisters.

They never tired of watching the master at his work, and of loading him with praise, presents, and marks of approbation.

At last the painting was finished, and a solemn service was held to inaugurate the noble work of art. The painter then kneeled at the foot of the altar, and thanked and praised God, who had allowed him to complete his great work. And the collected people stared and wondered at the glory of the picture, and praised the master-hand that had created it.

After the Mass, the abbot addressed the

artist, and said: "Master, you have given us a most rare work of your beautiful art, and you yourself conceive it as your master-piece. Has this labour exhausted your inner resources of design, or do you think that you might yet be able to produce even a greater or still more beautiful painting? Give me an honest answer to my question, Master Sürlin."

The painter, who thought of nothing except that the abbot would give him a new order, and who, like a true artist, on the completion of a great work, felt himself imbued with fresh courage and energy for renewed labours, replied unhesitatingly, that he might venture to make such a promise, as art was an inexhaustible fountain, ever generating new supplies to her earnest and industrious disciples. "Moreover," continued the artist, "my gratitude to the Lord, whose mighty arm has assisted me in the work I have just finished, urges me on to attempt a greater and still more perfect work to his praise, honour, and glory."

The abbot listened to these words in great displeasure, for it was not his intention to give the master another order, but he desired that Sürlin should never again commence so masterly a work, in order that his cloister might have the honour of possessing the best picture by the great master. Now, however, he heard, to his mortification and anger, that Master Sürlin was capable of painting not only an equally good, but even a much superior picture, and his foolish vanity revolted at the thought. He resorted to a fiend-like expedient, by which to remain in possession of George Sürlin's last and best painting.

On the following night, whilst the painter was fast asleep, the two monks, who had conducted him to Switzerland, crept to his couch, tied his arms with cords, and with a sharp knife cut out both his eyes, draining his sight, that precious font of light and colour, for ever. To kill him, much as the wretched man begged for death as a favour, they had not the courage. They only circulated a report, that the great painter had died upon his homeward journey, and kept the poor man carefully hidden in a remote cell.

And now the poor master was for ever robbed of glorious light, and to the sublime pictures, which still lived in his soul, he could no longer give life and colour. Lost in mental misery, he scarcely noticed the physical tortures and pains he had to undergo; it grieved his soul much more to be henceforth buried in night, and never again to be able to distinguish lights and colours. One of the monks who was in the daily habit of bringing him a jug of wine and the necessary food, took pity upon the poor man.

"Can I do any service for you?" he asked

once, when he found the painter, with his arms spread open, seated by the latticed windows of his cell, as if longing to rush forth upon the beauteous landscape which he could no longer behold.

"Guide me once more to the altar upon which I have painted my last picture," begged the unfortunate man, and the pious brother could not refuse him that request. At midnight, when the abbot and the other monks were asleep, he guided him to the chapel, led him to the foot of the altar, and there left him alone, promising to return early in the morning to conduct the painter back to his cell.

But the good monk awoke too late on the following morning, and could not venture to guide the blind man from the church, as the other monks would have perceived it. He had barely sufficient time to hide Sürlin in a deep wooden confessional chair, which had stood unused for a long time behind the altar. There the artist had to remain during the whole day, and listen to the religious services of the monks. Secretly, his friend managed at noon to give him some food, and promised him to return at night and conduct him back to his cell. This he did, but the blind painter had marked the way which led to the church, and as the monks had gradually omitted to lock his cell, (since they believed that the poor blind man could not leave his little room without aid,) he stole every evening to the church, prayed in front of the altar, and then passed a great part of his time in the wooden confessional, *where he worked silently and mysteriously.*

Upon his couch, he had found the knife which the monks had used to blind him, and in the intenseness of his pains and misery, the unhappy man was upon the point of making that weapon the instrument of suicide. But an invisible hand restrained him from committing this great sin, which would have made him truly deserving of all the misery he had endured. Heaven never had given him the rare ability of conceiving his glorious pictures, to allow him to commit a deadly sin, because the power of representing his fancies on canvass was lost to him for ever.

He was frightened at his own cowardly intentions, and determined now to make the instrument of death the instrument of his future consolation. As he could no longer represent his designs in colours, he began to cut them in wood, and his sense of feeling became a substitute for the sense of sight. With the sharp knife he had obtained, and after an immense deal of labour, he thus cut the whole history of his misfortune upon the wooden side of the confessional. He spent many years upon this labour, and forgot his misery in the employment. No one discovered his nightly walks,

nor his work in the church, and gradually the monks felt so secure, that they opened the church to any and every stranger who desired to see George Sürlin's last and best picture.

Often at these times, was the poor blind artist a silent and unsuspected witness of the admiration bestowed upon his work by foreign artists, none of whom ever dreamed that the master, whose genius was so warmly lauded by them, whose rare talent they so envied, was hidden, a blind and wretched old man, behind the altar, working with indefatigable patience upon a wooden picture.

From the day when his carved picture was finished, he remained silently and patiently in his cell, awaiting his end, which came upon the third day, delivering him from all earthly pain and sorrow. And now only could the monks breathe more freely, for the silent lunatic,—for such they believed him to be, when they saw him so often, and without a murmur, seeming with sightless eyes to stare upon vacancy,—that silent lunatic now lay deep beneath the sod, and with him, the fearful secret of their guilt was buried. Nor did they spare Masses for his soul, to procure for the poor artist, whom they had robbed of all the good and beautiful in life, happiness in death, and heavenly rest, as they in their mental blindness thought their Masses could do. The wooden confessional, however, was never opened, and thus nobody discovered the last work of the blind artist.

Meanwhile, the abbot had easily succeeded in exciting the jealousy and envy of other monasteries, for the beautiful painting that adorned the altar of his; many foreign artists and high and noble gentlemen came from far and near, to look upon this rare work of art, and all regretted the early death of the great master.

It happened that, one day, a traveller visited the monastery, who could scarcely leave the altar or stop gazing, so great was his admiration of the painting. Nothing escaped his attention or notice, and thus it chanced that he observed a beautifully carved rose, upon a panel of the door of an old wooden confessional. The door and the whole confessional chair were so dust-covered, that it was evident they had not been used for many years by the monks.

"Besides the greatest painter, you seem to have had one of the greatest carvers at work here," he said, in a tone of astonishment, to the monk who accompanied him. The rose was in reality a masterpiece in its way. His companion, however, assured him that there was no carved or sculpture-work anywhere in the church, and that the rose must have come there by some unaccountable accident.

This reply excited the stranger's curiosity

still more, and he opened the door of the confessional, to see whether he could find any more carved work by the same master-hand that had executed the rose. At first the door would not open, for the old hinges had rusted, but at last they yielded, sending a creaking and ominous sound through the stillness of the chapel. The stranger entered the chair, and stepped upon a hard substance, which rattled over the flags. Raising it, he observed that it was a knife, which bore old blotches of blood upon its blade. The monk was greatly frightened, for he at once recognised the knife as having been one of the two which had been used in the torture of the unfortunate artist. How could that knife have come to this place? was it through a miracle, in order to bring now, after so many years had elapsed, that black deed to light, and its perpetrators to justice?

The length of time had loosened the panels from the framework of the confessional, and as it seemed to the stranger that he could, even in the dusk, discover some carving of merit there, he raised the panel, took it out, and brought it to the light.

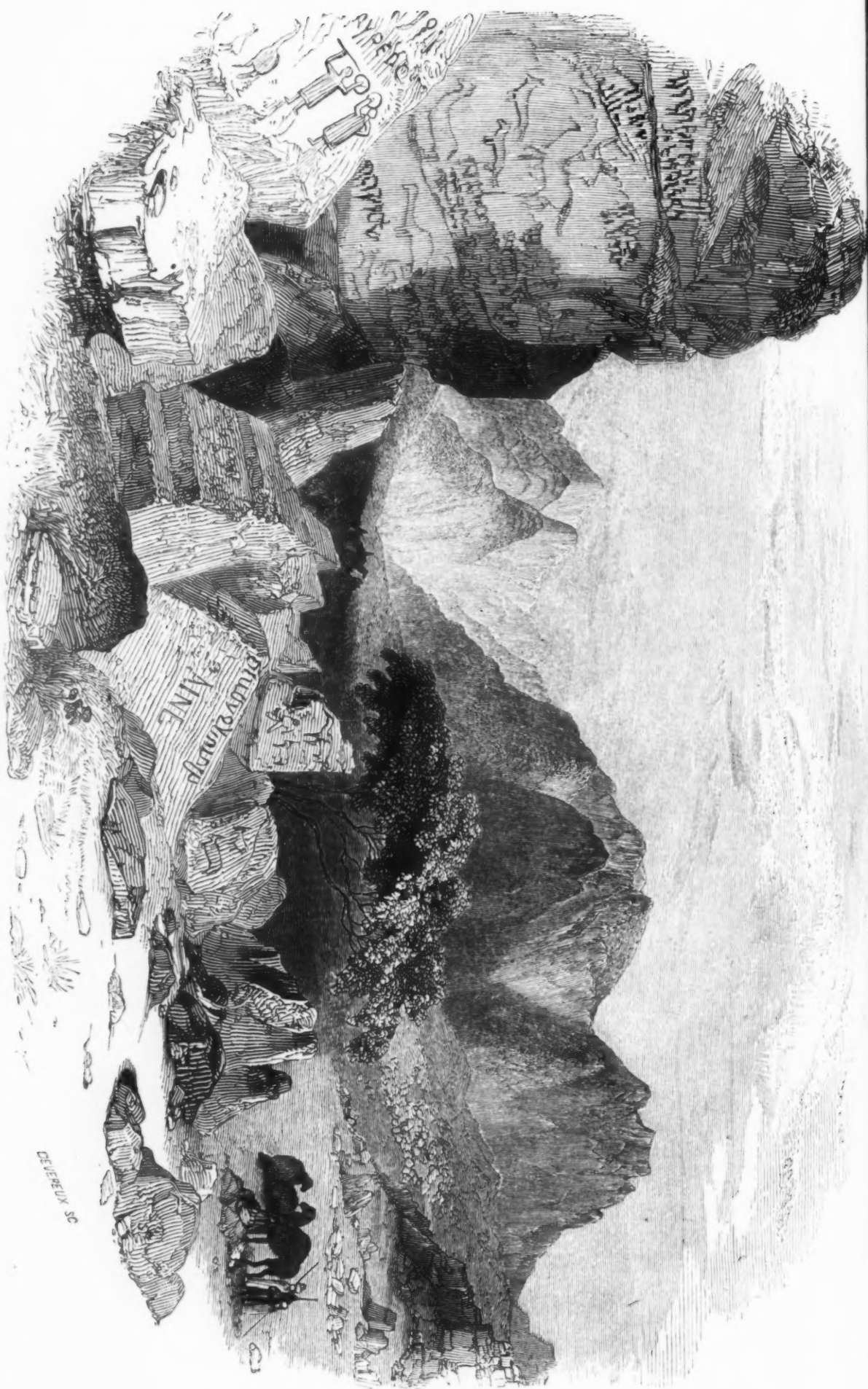
And now terror and fear befell the monk, who had already been horrified at the sight of the knife, and he rushed from the chapel, exclaiming:

"This is George Sürlin, arisen from the grave to accuse his murderers!"

The stranger now perceived that in his hand he held the picture of a man, who had been deprived of both eyes, as drops of blood seemed to fall upon the cheeks from the sightless sockets. His face wore the expression of intense misery, and seemed to implore mercy of two monks who were standing before him; one of these still held a knife in his hand, whilst the other (whose face expressed a fiendish triumph) was breaking his pallet and brushes.

There could not be a moment's doubt of the import and meaning of this picture; nor was the master-hand which had painted the altarpiece, to be mistaken in the grouping and formation of these carved figures. The stranger needed not the additional evidence of the exclamations of the frightened monk, to understand the connexion of the whole terrible mystery.

Hastily he left the monastery, and took the carved picture with him. But he soon returned with a long train, and the officers of justice, whom he had sought, soon forced a confession of their fearful and wicked deed from the monks. These were punished with the utmost rigour of justice, and in memory of their wickedness, the wonderfully carved panel was inserted in the door of the vestry, where it may be seen to this day.



WILDERNESS OF SIN

THE WILDERNESS OF SIN,

AND THE SINAITIC INSCRIPTIONS.

BY THE REV. J. P. DURBIN, D.D.

(See Engraving.)

AFTER the miraculous passage of the Red Sea, about ten miles below the modern town of Suez, the children of Israel seem to have remained at least twenty days on its eastern shore. A trace of their sojourn here still exists in the chief fountain in the neighbourhood, which is to this day called by the Arabs Ain Mousa, or *Spring of Moses*. They then set their faces towards Horeb, the Mount of God, under the direction of the angel of the covenant, the Lord Jesus Christ, whose divine and ever present symbol was the luminous cloud that shielded them from the sun by day, and shined upon their camp by night. Advancing southward, along the eastern coast of the sea, they came into a vast mountain amphitheatre, from which two ways opened before them; the one bearing eastward, through Wady Humr, in the direction of the modern Mount Sinai, and the other, turning short to the right or west, conducted them through the terrible and rugged gorge of Tyebah to the shore of the sea. There they began to realize the "great and terrible wilderness" through which they were called to pass. Advancing southward a short distance along the coast, they turned directly eastward, probably through Wady Shellal, and penetrated into the "Wilderness of Sin." Its western portion is composed of precipitous, lofty mountains, of a slaggy iron colour, rent into yawning chasms, and their softer portions disintegrating and rolling down their sides and scattering themselves in the narrow gorges below. The first evening we encamped in this gloomy region I felt oppressed with the fearful spirit of the place, and said, "Here is the very centre and kingdom of desolation."

The Israelites reached this wilderness one month after their departure from Egypt; and this short time had sufficed to exhaust the provisions they had brought with them from the prolific banks of the Nile. The conduct of the multitude upon feeling the pinchings of hunger affords a lively picture of the degradation and ignorance of the people, notwithstanding the many and great wonders they had seen in the land of Egypt, and at the

glorious passage of the Red Sea. "And the whole congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and Aaron in the wilderness; and said unto them, Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh-pots, and when we did eat bread to the full." These *flesh-pots* were, probably, large cauldrons in which the meats for the several gangs of Hebrew slaves were boiled on the spot where they severally toiled. What a picture of slavery does this simple fact present to the imagination! And yet to this abject condition did the hearts of this people turn with desire, rather than trust in God who had delivered them.

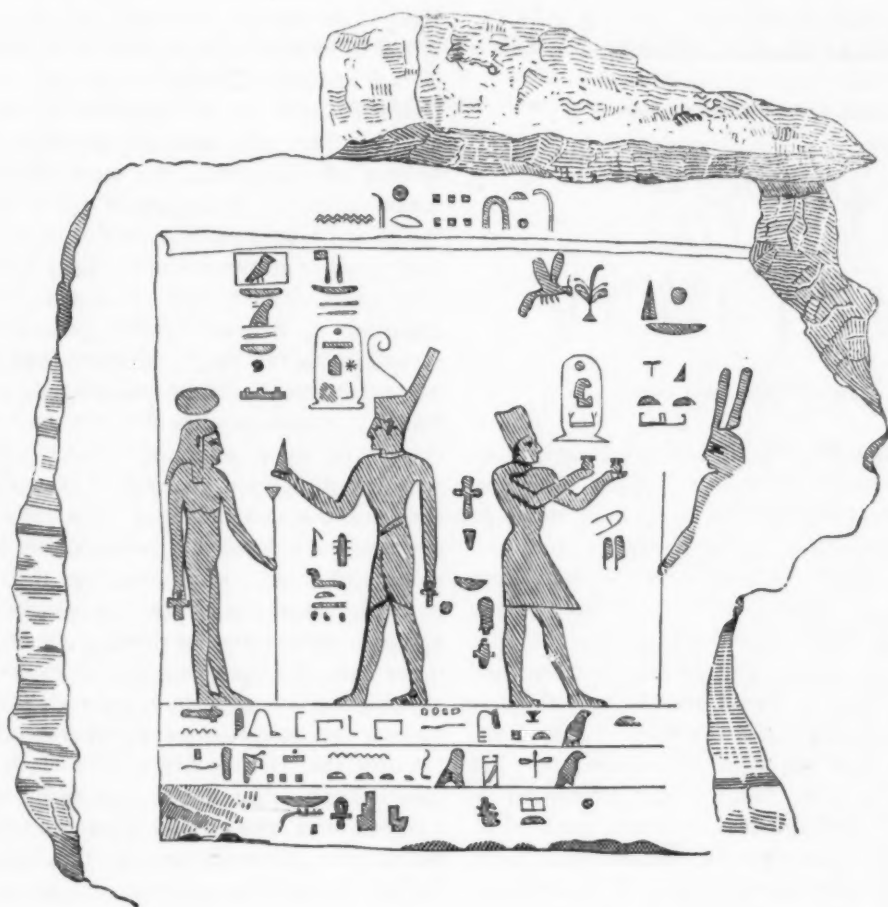
Their condition gave rise to one of the most significant miracles recorded in the Bible—the supply of food which God sent them from heaven, and upon which they subsisted for forty years. It came with the dew in the night, and was found on the ground next morning, "like coriander seed, white; and the taste of it was like wafers made with honey; and the children of Israel called it *manna*." The first signification of this miracle of manna was the sanctification of the Sabbath, which, probably, had lost its proper power over the people. To restore and preserve it, God sent no manna on the Sabbath, but twice as much on the day before as the people needed, so that they should have a supply for the Sabbath without its being sent or gathered on that day. The second signification of this miracle was the faithfulness of God in supplying our wants as they arise. He sent the manna every morning except the Sabbath. Here, probably, we have the origin of that expression in our Lord's Prayer—"Give us day by day our daily bread." It may not have been original with him, but may have been the morning prayer of Israel in the wilderness, when he awoke and knew that unless the bread came to him from heaven he famished that day. His condition naturally impelled his heart to utter this prayer as the morning dawned on his tents in that "terrible wilderness." His posterity would certainly preserve the signification of the daily

supply of manna from heaven, and would therefore incorporate it in their morning prayers. Hence we have it in the Lord's Prayer. The third signification of this miracle is the answer to the question which Israel asked when he first saw this heavenly food "upon the face of the wilderness, a small round thing as small as the hoar frost on the ground." Astonished at beholding it, he said, "*Man hu*," i. e., "*What is this?*" And Moses replied, "This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat." In order to remind them of this heavenly boon, it was called, (as we write it,) *manna*, or, *what is this?* The answer of Moses was all that the people could comprehend at that time. But does not this miracle of food from heaven have a deeper and more glorious signification to us? Is it not at once the origin and explanation of our Lord's conversation with the Jews, recorded in the sixth chapter of John? In this conversation we find these words—"As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me. This is that bread which came down from heaven; not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead, he that eateth of this bread shall live for ever." This is among the most important passages, if not the most important in the Bible, and the origin of it is connected with the Wilderness of Sin. The key to its interpretation is found in these words—"As I live by the Father, so he that eateth me shall live by me;" i. e., in the same manner as my life or spiritual subsistence is connected with the "living Father," so your life or spiritual subsistence is connected with me. But as his connexion or subsistence with the Father is eternal, there was no reunion in the case, but as his children are to be reunited to him, and then subsist spiritually with him, the means of union and subsistence are declared, viz., the *eating his flesh and drinking his blood*, which, in order to maintain the signification in the comparison between his subsistence with the living Father and the subsistence of his children with him, can be done only after a "spiritual and heavenly manner;" and this excludes the real presence of the veritable body and blood of Christ.

When we consider the stupendous miracles wrought in the Wilderness of Sin, and the fact that it was the entrance to Horeb, it will not be a matter of surprise that its rocks and mountains should be covered all over with inscriptions cut into the hard granite. These are the celebrated *Sinaitic Inscriptions*, of which I propose to give the reader some specimens, and such information as is now accessible. The engraving in the front of the Magazine, from a drawing made by Laborde on the spot, gives a general idea of the "Written Mountains,"

at the junction of Wady Megara and Wady Mukatteb, or the *Written Valley*. I shall never forget the emotions with which I entered these Written Mountains, that form the outer gate to Horeb, which is shut up within the bosom of this stern, desolate world. I felt indeed that I was entering into the secret places of the Almighty. Awe and reverence took possession of the whole company, as anciently of the mysterious people who have left their memorials engraved on the eternal rocks in every valley and mountain gorge west of Mount Sinai, and in a language now as unintelligible to the world as the hieroglyphics of Egypt. Wady Mukatteb is a vast repository of these inscriptions, engraved on the perpendicular faces of the detached rocks and on the mountain cliffs. The traveller gazes on them with pleasure and regret; they are evidence of the reverence in which this mountain wilderness has been held from time immemorial, and yet they refuse to reveal their secrets. They cluster around Gebel Serbal and cover its rugged peaks, while not a single one is found on Gebel Mousa in Horeb, thus raising the probability that Serbal was once regarded with profound veneration, if not as the Horeb of Scripture. Some selected specimens of these inscriptions accompany this article.

Upon examining the specimens, the reader will see readily that they are of two different classes. The one is evidently Egyptian, having the common Egyptian figures and hieroglyphics. Some of these are exceedingly ancient, if not the most ancient inscriptions known to the world. Professor Lepsius, who was sent out by the king of Prussia to make researches in Egypt in 1842 and 3, paid a visit to these "written mountains." In various places he found the ancient copper mines which had been worked thousands of years ago, and in their vicinity he found these ancient Egyptian inscriptions. He says, "The whole country was called, in hieroglyphics, *Mofkat*, the Copper Land." The remains of these copper smeltings, together with the Egyptian inscriptions, are most remarkable at *Sarbut el Chadem*; but some of the best preserved and most ancient are found in Wady Megara. These I visited in 1843. They are engraved rudely on the face of the perpendicular cliffs, near the entrances of the ancient copper mines. One of these cliff tablets is given on the top of the following page, taken from Laborde, whose drawings were made on the spot. Of these inscriptions Professor Lepsius says, "Some of them indeed contain the oldest effigies of kings in existence, without excepting the whole of Egypt and the pyramids of Gizeh. For the kings, *Chufu*, *Numchufu*, &c., are represented there in person, either offering sacrifices to the gods, or beheading their enemies." These inscrip-



INSCRIPTIONS IN WADY MEGARA.

tions are evidently connected with the mining operations which were carried on long before the Christian era, and commemorate the worship of the miners, (one of whose ancient rock-temples may still be seen at Sarbut el Chadem,) or their unsuccessful rebellions against their kings.

But there is another class of inscriptions, of evidently a much later date, found throughout the regions lying between the modern Mount Sinai and the Gulf of Suez, chiefly around and to the west of Gebel Serbal. They are found in the greatest abundance in *Wady Mukatteb*, or the *Written Valley*, to the northwest of Serbal. These inscriptions were mentioned in the sixth century by Comas, but were lost to Europe until 1722, when the superior of the Franciscans, returning to Egypt from the convent at Mount Sinai, passed through Wady Mukatteb, and discovered them, and made them known to the world. The Franciscan father could not find any one in that land, where all the known languages of the ancient and modern world are either read or spoken, who had the slightest knowledge of the characters in which the inscriptions are written. Hence he concluded

that they contained some profound secrets committed to these rocks long before the birth of Christ. I give a few specimens copied from Grey.

INSCRIPTIONS FROM THE WADY MUKATTEB.

+ 770677

No. 1. *Fullen Rock: fragment.*

+ 974577

No. 2. *Description not given.*

+ 974577

No. 3. *Loose Stone: perfect.*

THE DOCTOR'S THIRD PATIENT;

OR, REMEMBRANCES FROM THE LIFE OF OLD DOCTOR MICAH ASHER.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

THE young medical student who now goes to the medical school, where he meets with a multitude of eager young men pursuing the same end, where are learned professors to instruct them, a beautiful cabinet, opportunities to visit hospitals, to witness surgical operations, to obtain subjects for dissection, and to read from a full library, can have no conception of what it was to become an eminent physician fifty-five years ago. If he shall advance as far beyond the men of that period as his opportunities are greater than theirs, he will indeed be a distinguished man. Now that the frosts of seventy years are upon me, I have thought perhaps it would interest my young brethren of the profession to have me recall some of the incidents in my professional life. "Acti labores jucundi," and I hope to be pardoned if I am more egotistical than some would allow to be in good taste. It is the privilege of age to be garrulous.

One of my earliest and deepest impressions was made by our old family doctor. He was a large, portly man, kind-hearted, good-tempered, though his speech was quick, seldom giving offence, and always right in principle. His presence always lighted up a smile on the face of his patient, for the angel of hope always accompanied him. How often in my childhood have I slipped behind the great pear-tree by the garden gate and watched him, as he dismounted—for he always rode horseback—throw his huge saddle-bags over his left arm, and slowly walk into the house without knocking! I knew that in those saddle-bags were mysteries, and horrors, and sleeping agencies of great power, and I looked upon them as an Indian might be supposed to look upon a charged bomb-shell—not knowing when or how it might explode. I felt sure, for "all the boys said so," that his emetics were made of toads caught alive, and carefully baked and ground to a powder. With what reverence did I look upon "the Doctor"—a man who could feel the pulse and detect a fever in the wrist, who could extract teeth, take blood, draw a blister, order emetics, and make even stubborn "old Cæsar" swallow pills, salts, ipecac, jalap, however much he might writhe his great black face, and make mouths, or shrug the shoulders. Next to the minister whom I saw in the pulpit, I considered the doctor the greatest man living, and at a very early age I determined to be a physician. How often did I return to my humble home with bundles of wild weeds, or

my hat full of "gold thread," dug up in the swamp! How rich I felt when I had a supply of "pennyroyal," "mother-wort," "bone-set," "snake-root," "elm-bark," "elder-berries," and every other herb with which I could fill the garret. I remember catching some green frogs and putting them in air-tight bottles, because I had heard that they were good to draw canker from children's mouths; but they unfortunately died before the experiment could be tested. Not a plant grew in "Canoe Swamp," in the "Wampas Lot," or in the "Maple Lot," from the "adder's tongue" up to the "whistle-wood," with which I was not familiar. All the good old ladies for miles round said, "That boy'll certainly make a doctor—he takes to it so."

Thus I passed my boyhood on a farm, enjoying no advantages for education, except such as were afforded by the common free schools strung along the base of the Green Mountains, from the bluffs at New Haven to Canada. Medicine was my amusement during the sunny days of boyhood. If any of our domestic animals were sick, or looked sick, I was down upon them at once, and I distinctly remember, (why can't we as distinctly remember what we have done to human patients in the course of our practice?) giving my old dog Rover a dose that made him afraid of me for a whole year, and our one-eyed cat, Cyclops, a prescription that threw her into fits, and the young turkey, Taro, a few pills which for ever after stopped his growing and gobbling. I called them my "elongated pills."

At the age of twenty-two I found myself, with another student, and with a medical book protruding from each pocket, fairly on the track of my profession at old Dr. Sale's. He had a great reputation for being a deep man; and if talking in supertechnical language, and in a way not to be understood by anybody, is evidence of depth, then he was a deep man. But I have since learned that the world will call a man deep who brings up mud, whether he dive deep for it or not. The great burden of his instructions to his brace of students was on "the great importance of commanding the temper, keeping cool, and having the feelings in an imperturbable state of quiescence." Alas! he was the most irritable and passionate man I ever knew. I had been with him at a distance one afternoon to visit a patient, and it was a cold April midnight before we got home. The Doctor's house stood on the very apex of a

high hill, and on the west side of it was a very steep descent. In trying to find the kitchen door—it was very dark—the Doctor stumbled over something, he knew not what. “Hang it and dang it!” cried he, for he never swore in good English. “Here, Mike, take hold of this confounded shin-breaker, and let us see if we can’t get it out of the way!” We lifted a while, when he gave it a furious kick, and away down the hill it went, rattling, and bounding, and clinking, till it reached the brook at the foot of the hill. “There! lie there, will ye!” said he. The next morning I heard his meek wife lamenting that “all her new soap was spread over the ground like gravy, and the only soap-kettle in the region cracked and ruined.” This was his imperturbation, and as he prided himself in governing his temper, I used to wonder what it *would* have been had he not governed it.

I now began to find real difficulties. I had very few books, had never seen the skeleton or frame of the human body, and had never witnessed a surgical operation, or a body dissected. Oh! if I could have had a skeleton to look at for a single hour! Accidentally, or rather providentially, about this time I met with an old hunter, who had spent most of his life in the wilderness. In narrating his exploits, he told how he and a fellow-hunter had once found a man dead in the forests, who had probably got lost and eventually died of starvation. The hunters buried him slightly, and placed a heap of stones over the grave. I made the most minute inquiries of the old man, as to the spot, the route to it, the distance, and the like. I then tried to draw a map of the way; but I soon found that when imagination came to retire, and knowledge to tell what she knew, it was a very different affair. I retired to think and to plan. The grave was in the heart of the great wilderness in the state of New York, on a little lake, called by the hunters “Cranberry Lake,” and known only by them. I knew it would be impossible to get a hunter to go with me on such an errand, or even to allow me to go if he knew my object. Would it be possible for me to go alone? Would it be possible for me actually to possess a human skeleton? I determined to try. So on a certain day I was at the last hunter’s lodge, on the Saranac River, questioning old Mr. Moody as to the route, the crossings from river to lake, and from one water to another, as to “the carrying places,” and comparing his answers with my map, it seemed madness to attempt to go alone, as really so as if I were setting out for the moon. But I procured a little boat from Moody, and taking an old rifle, a bag of provisions, and an axe, launched my frail craft on the lower Saranac Lake, and set

off alone. What days of toil I had, searching for outlets to the lakes, carrying my boat through the woods and brush, guided by trees marked by the Indian’s tomahawk, sleeping on the ground, and half killed by fear of the panthers, with which the forest abounded. On the fifth day I had travelled perhaps a hundred miles in my circuitous route, when I came to “the Great Falls,” on the Rachette River, and then knew that I must here leave my boat and strike off through the woods for Cranberry Lake. Drawing my boat up carefully into the bushes, I found a new cause of fear. It was an Indian newspaper! i. e., one side of a large cedar had been hewn off, and on it, with charcoal, was drawn an Indian canoe, with two men in it paddling, a dog looking out, and six deer’s (buck’s) heads. The canoe was headed down stream. A full moon was over them and a buck’s head under it. By this I knew that there were Indians near me, who had just gone down the river, having killed six bucks already, and were to spend the full moon in hunting below. This was for the information of other Indians who might wish to find them. I concealed my boat with great caution, and set off at once for my lake. A deer bounded up before me, but I was too much afraid of the Indians to let my rifle be heard. All that day I travelled in the woods by the instructions I had received. How often I hastened towards a bright spot in the woods before me in hopes of seeing my lake, and how my heart leaped for joy when, just before sunset, I actually struck it! I could have kissed its very mud. How I found the poor stranger’s grave, and exulted as a miser would have done over gold, and how I worked, and toiled, and finally got the bones, every one of them! into my bag, and on my back, I shall not attempt to describe. It cost me three days’ hard work, and work not the most pleasant. And I was ready to set out for my boat, and set out I did, but had hardly left the lake ere I was lost! It was cloudy, the forest was thick and wet, and I knew nothing which way to go. The man that is lost in the woods is not merely bewildered, but he is maddened. I rushed one way till exhausted, and then another way, but the trees were all alike, and I was lost. The night came on, wet, cold, and dreary. My provisions were gone, for I had been nearly twice as long in the forest as I expected. My punk was wet, and my knife and steel would afford me no fire. So I lay down in the great woods lost, without food or fire, with no company but the dead man’s bones! The wolves were howling near me, and the sharp cry of the panther was added, while the owls sang a full and dismal chorus. What a long, awful night was that! Should I ever find the way out of this mighty

forest, or must I there perish, and perhaps somebody hereafter find my bones, and come and back them out for a skeleton! I looked into the utter darkness of the place, and more than once asked, mentally, if there was any possibility that the spirit of the dead man would come back and upbraid me with robbing his grave? I felt my bullet-pouch, and found I had just seven balls; these I thought I might cut in two pieces, and thus give me a chance of fourteen shots for food. But that long night was invaluable to me. I reviewed my life, and examined the object for which I had lived. For the first time in my life I truly and sincerely prayed. I made vows to God, if he would conduct me out alive, and laid plans for my future life, and laid down the principles on which I would act. All my success and character are to be traced back to that lonely night. In the morning, without having closed my eyes in sleep, faint and hungry, I set off again, though with feeble courage. How intensely burdensome was my pack and my rifle now! About noon I came to a lofty mountain, and after panting and resting many times, I reached its summit. Then a world of forest lay spread out before me, and many a beautiful lake too, looking in its green fringe like a basin of silver. After a long time in settling the geography, I decided which must be Tupper's Lake, and though I could not see the thread of the Rachtette River, yet I knew it must lie west of it, and that the Falls must be about so and so. Then came hope and whispered to me, and I felt strong and revived. That night I got so near as to hear the roar of the falls, and the next day I reached my boat. I then killed a deer, ate with a relish which I remember to this day, and in a few days more was out of the woods, and my treasure with me. I dared not show it even to the old Doctor; but how I gloated over those bones! studied them! strung them! They were the beginning of my professional knowledge, and were worth to me a thousand fold more than their cost.

I was sitting alone in the Doctor's office one day, when who should come waddling up to the door but "Aunt Becky" Gorhom—as everybody called her. She was the shortest person for her size and weight I ever saw,—a poor woman who lived and laid up money on twenty dollars a year and her board,—one who had no enemies, and not character enough to have very warm friends. She had a very good opinion of herself in all respects, and there was something so irresistibly ludicrous in her round, unmeaning face and masculine voice, one could hardly keep from laughing whenever she appeared. As she rolled into the door, I knew that something was out of sorts.

"Is the old Doctor at hum?"

"No, Mrs. Gorhom. Can I do anything for you?"

"Why I've got the toothache most despitly. Where *is* the Doctor?"

"Gone out of town. But I think I can take out your tooth for you."

"You!" and her face actually expressed amazement.

"Yes."

"Why you don't know nothing about it! Never pulled a tooth in your life."

"You are mistaken, Mrs. Gorhom, I have pulled several this very day."

(I had been pulling the teeth out of the skeleton, and putting them back again.)

"You don't say so!"

"I do say so. Suppose you just let me look at your tooth."

She opened her mouth, and there it was—a huge double tooth, just such a tooth as I wanted to begin with. It was much decayed. But she would not let me touch it.

"Mister, can't you put something in it—some of your stuff?"

I bethought myself, and could hardly conceal a smile as I crowded in a neat piece of saltpetre! She shut her mouth, and fearing lest she must have something to pay, left at once. It was just as I expected. In five minutes she came back, holding her head with both hands, and exclaiming, "Why, what on earth *did* you put into it, young man?"

"*Nitrate of potassa*, madam, nothing else, I assure you."

"Well—Oh dear! dear! you have killed me! Do get it out!"

Once more she opened her mouth, and the turn-key which I had concealed in my sleeve was on it, and in one instant the tooth flew across the room. She gave a yell of pain and indignation.

"Why, you pesky fellow, I told you to take out that stuff, that *niter of potato*, as you called it."

"Well, I have taken it out."

"Yes, and the tooth too, and mayhap ruined my jaw for ever."

"Not at all. You will find all safe."

She then washed her mouth, found her jaws all right, and a smile lit up her face as she left, and said,

"Really, doctor, you've done the work as well as the old doctor, only I don't like to have things done so quick. Thank the Lord, though, that the thing is out!"

What an hour was that! I had pulled my first tooth, and had been called "doctor!" My conscience smote me for the deception I had practised, and I felt that I had violated one of the principles agreed upon in the dark night in the forest.

There were no diplomas, no being made doctor by a vote of half a dozen men. It took the whole community to make a doctor in those days. But I was sure I had now received my doctorate. And sure enough, after that, people taller than Aunt "Becky" began to call me doctor, or "the young doctor."

I now left my old teacher, and sought where I might set up for myself, though every day satisfied me that I was poorly prepared to have human lives committed to me. I read everything on medicine and disease which I could obtain, and questioned every doctor, and even every old nurse I could light upon. Some shook their heads at my questions, and hinted at the danger of experimenting and tampering with human life, of being rash and the like. Others tried to persuade me that the whole of medical practice consisted in being able to cleanse the bowels and empty the stomach, and let nature have the opportunity to do her own cures. In vain did I procure vials and saddle-bags, open an office, hang out my sign, "Dr. Asher," and advertise "To be seen at the office at all hours." The last was literally true, for nobody called me away, or came there to consult me. At the end of three long months, during which I was invited out to tea twice, but without having had my first patient, an uncle of mine proposed to send me up to the head-waters and sources of the Hudson, to examine a township of land which he had been purchasing. So I advertised "that Dr. Asher being called away by urgent business, would close his office during his unavoidable absence, which would be as short as possible." My directions were to follow the Hudson up as far as Indian River, then go up to Indian Lake, take Elijah, or "Lige," (the Indian,) as he was called, as a guide, and go over to Rock Lake, where the land was to be found. After various mishaps, I found "Lige," a noble fellow, but then, his canoe must be *puccoed*, (made tight with pitch,) and then, I must wait another day for him to go down to M'Elroy's to get his trousers. M'Elroy was a squatter on the Indian River, and the only man who lived in that township. All day, till three o'clock in the afternoon, I waited for my guide, but he came not. After trying to sleep, to "whittle," to whistle, and be patient, I determined to go after my Indian. Following the blazed trees through thick woods for a mile or more, I came to the log cabin. At the door I met my friend "Lige," as pale as a sheet. I had no idea that an Indian could look so white.

"Why, Elijah, what's the matter? Have you got lost?"

Turning round and mysteriously pointing to the cabin, he said, in a low voice,

"Woman there—he sick—he very sick!"

"Ah! what is the matter with her?"

"Me don't know. He very sick. He see angel, see God, see devil! He's eyes look so, me fraid! He's teeth bite so! He point so!"

On entering the log house, I found a woman lying on a very rude bed, with an idiot son on one side of the room holding up a sore foot, and the husband standing over the woman with a kind of howl continually poured out of his mouth. The woman was rolling her eyes, gnashing her teeth, pointing upward, screeching and shuddering. She trembled all over, and was apparently on the point of convulsions. The husband was nearly intoxicated, and kept howling "Oh! och! what *will* I do? Poor wife, you'll die—you'll certainly die, and oh! och! what will I do?" The woman was seeing snakes, angels, devils, and I know not what besides. I stepped back and beckoned the Indian.

"Elijah, does this woman drink?"

"No, he never drink. Man drink so as horse. Woman never drink."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes—he never drink. He good woman."

Once more I rushed into the house again and said, "Stand back, and be still, Mr. M'Elroy. Let me see her. I hope I can do her good."

"Who are you?" asked he, fiercely.

"Oh, don't you know? I am Dr. Asher, from Massachusetts."

I had on a red flannel shirt without any collar, wood-pants, and boots, and looked like anything rather than a doctor.

"Oh! my dear, my dear!" shouted he, "here's the great Dr. Asher from New York! the great Dr. Asher! An angel of mercy from heaven, and the great brazen serpent in the wilderness, my dear! He'll cure you! Oh! och! the great brazen serpent!"

Bidding the fool to hold his tongue, I next summoned all my little medical knowledge to bear upon the agnosis of my patient's disease, and soon satisfied myself that it was a violent case of hysteria, brought on by hard labour and severe exposure. Rummaging between the logs, what was my joy to find a paper containing a lump of assafetida! I made up several pills, and dropped one into the snapping jaws of the woman every few minutes. The discovery of this medicine satisfied me that it would not have been in that peculiar place unless she had been in somewhat similar condition before. Before I got there, she had complained of burning up, and they had dashed a pail of cold water over her. Then she had complained of freezing, and they had a fire large enough to roast an ox. In further searching, I found a bundle of valerian, which she had gathered in the woods, and making a strong decoction of it, I induced her to drink

now and then a swallow. In about two hours she was quiet, her senses returned, and I found her a modest, sensible, and intelligent woman. The violent symptoms were gone and returned no more. I then prescribed such poultices for the poor idiot's foot as were to be had. The woman recovered in two days so as to leave her bed. Among the many patients I have since had, and among the heavy fees and rich gifts which I have since had showered upon me, I have never had any so rich as were the thanks of that poor woman when I came to leave her. She had nothing to offer me but a single loaf of coarse bread. I took a piece of it and carried it with me, and every time I took it out of my provision bag I blessed God that my profession was one of mercy, and promised him that if ever I got into practice I would be as faithful to the poor as to the rich. In proportion as I have been faithful to this vow I have been prospered. I felt encouraged too, because now *I had had my first patient!*

Having accomplished my examination of timber, I returned to my uncle's, and held a consultation as to what was next to be done. "The difficulty," said he, "is in getting the first patient. When a young physician has once accomplished that, he is in a fair way to gain practice." I told him that I was safe then, for I had had my first patient, and related the circumstances as above. The old gentleman shook his head. "That would have done admirably had it been in your village, where it could be known and wondered over; but now nobody but your Indian friend can marvel over it. You must try again; and in order to aid you, I will lend you my colt, Lebo, and my sulky. You must go back to your home where your office is, and you must rattle boxes, jingle vials, and every morning you must get out Lebo, and drive through the village as if life and death hung on your speed, and by and by you will be in demand as well as appear to be. Depend upon it, nephew, the world does not think or judge for itself, and the article that is in demand, be it what it may, is the article that all seek after. The certain and sure way to make your fortune would be to get up some quack pills made of aloes, flour, and molasses; but I trust you have too much self-respect and too much principle to swindle the public out of money, for which you render no equivalent. I see no difference myself between putting off money, or flour, or medicine, that is worthless—unless it be that the last is the most cruel, as it raises hopes to be dashed, and probably prevents the use of means that might be useful in restoring health. Never do that. But this riding out—why it will do Lebo good to exercise, and you good to ride, and I don't see as it can be

wrong, and yet," shaking his head, "I confess I don't quite like the looks of it."

Promising to follow his advice as far as I could, without compromising principle, I accepted the horse and sulky, and once more announced to the public that I had returned, and would be most happy to wait upon the good public. Still I was "the young doctor," and nobody gave me patronage. Some were afraid of new doctors, some were afraid of young doctors, some wanted the doctor to be a married man, and some hated to leave "an old road for a new one." In vain did I open door and windows, and show vials, and let the noise of my pestle and mortar ring early and late; in vain I harnessed Lebo and drove out in different directions. No patients were offered. At length, when I had become much discouraged, as I brought out my horse one morning I saw Ned Lundy bring out his, at the door of the hotel immediately opposite. I know not how it was, but I suspected there must be mischief in the fellow. But what could I do? My patients, (imaginary ones,) must be visited punctually. So I pounded with my pestle and mortar a few moments, took up my saddlebags, hung out on the door, "to return soon;" mounted my sulky, and drove off at a furious rate. In a few moments I looked back, and there was Ned Lundy behind me, with a half-roguish smile on his face. I reined up to let him pass, but no, he would not go past. I drove Lebo to the top of his speed, but there Ned was behind me in my wake, evidently determined to follow me, and to show up all my riding and diligence to be mere put on! How I perspired and almost groaned as the fellow stuck to me like a bur. At length I turned suddenly down Rainbow Lane, and drove as fast I could. In vain—Ned was a fixture. Being assured that he would make me the laughing-stock of the village, I was planning what to do, when I noticed Farmer Fitch at a distance before me mowing. As my eye fell on him, I noticed that he faltered and fell. By the time I got opposite him I heard a groan! In a moment my reeking Lebo was stopped, and I was lifting Farmer Fitch up from the ground and calling Ned Lundy to come to my aid. The farmer was bleeding like an ox, for he was terribly cut with his scythe, and was fainting. How I staunched the blood, bound up his wound, carried him home, attended him during his confinement, and, as he said, "saved his life!" No matter; Ned did not get the laugh on me. I obtained a *second* and a valuable patient, and felt encouraged.

But my *third* patient! Ah! "thereby hangs a tale!" My *third* patient! That was the turning point in my life! That is yet to be told.

THE VILLAGE GOOD NIGHT.

ARRANGED, FROM THE GERMAN,

BY

JOHN H. HOPKINS, JR.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Village Good Night'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegro.' The piano part begins with a series of chords in the left hand and a melodic line in the right hand. The vocal line enters with the lyrics 'The sun hath laid him'.

Allegro. *p* The sun hath laid him

The second system of musical notation. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'down to rest, All wrapp'd in robes of gold; The lit - tle bird hath sought his nest, The'.

down to rest, All wrapp'd in robes of gold; The lit - tle bird hath sought his nest, The

The third system of musical notation. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'bleat - ing sheep his fold. Kine low-ing While go-ing A-long the homeward'.

bleat - ing sheep his fold. Kine low-ing While go-ing A-long the homeward

mf

trail, Where merrily And cheerily The milk-maid fills her pail. *p* Now

from a - far the eve - ning star Peers out with trembling light, And wild and shrill the

Whippoorwill Re - peats his loud "Good night!" "Good - - - night!" "Good - - - night!" *ral.*

8va. ad lib.

8va. ad lib.

SECOND VERSE.

Our evening hours have flown along,
And glided swift away,
With music's charm and cheerful song,
And converse glad and gay.
Thus lightly
And brightly
Our tide of time hath rolled;
While laughter
Rang after
Each merry tale well told.
But in the sky the moon rides high,
And, from the belfry's height,
The midnight chime now tolls the time
When we must bid "Good night!"
"Good night!" "Good night!"

THIRD VERSE.

May no sad thought nor carking care
Invade your tranquil rest,
Nor nightmare grim, nor goblin, dare
Tramp o'er your slumbering breast.
Profoundly
And soundly
May Peace your eyelids cloee;
Safe keeping,
While sleeping,
Your heart from waking woes.
May angels stand, a guardian band,
Around you fair and bright;
While near you move, in dreams of love,
Sweet forms that breathe "Good night!"
"Good night!" "Good night!"

THE FLORAL CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER.

BY PROFESSOR JAMES RHOADS.

PREPARATION FOR WINTER.

THE very warm weather which, in this climate, we so often experience in September, is apt to make us forget all seasons but summer. It is, therefore, perhaps of some moment that we put our readers in mind of the progress of time; for, many things must be done in order to be prepared for winter. Numerous annoyances, not to say calamities, arise from the propensity which people have of putting off such preparation. If everything is adjourned to a convenient season, then at the last moment, all must be done at once and in haste; consequently nothing is more than half done, and that moiety, being done out of season, might almost as well have been left undone. The florist especially has much to do in the way of getting ready. During this month, all tender and half-hardy plants, which have been set out in the open flower-bed during the summer, should be taken up and potted, if we wish to preserve them for another season. Of petunias, geraniums, verbenas, fuschias, calceolarias, and other easily propagated plants, almost every person will probably have more than it will be desirable to keep. When such is the case it is better to take up the most healthy and best ripened of the *young* plants, and let the others remain. In this latitude they will frequently flourish, blossom, and thus form beautiful ornaments in the garden until the latter end of October, as severe frosts delay their coming until that time. It would however be extremely unsafe to suffer those intended for preservation to remain out so long, as frosts, sufficient to destroy them, sometimes occur more than a month earlier. Even were we prescient of the weather, it would still be best to take them up early in September, for it is very beneficial to plants that they become established in the pots before winter sets in.

In order that we may be perfectly successful in potting properly, several things require attention; the roots of the plant should not be bruised or mutilated more than is unavoidable, neither should they be pressed together in one

mass by having the earth thrown heavily upon them, but they should be distributed as evenly as possible in every part of the pot, the earth being pulverized, and so mingled with the roots that no two of any size shall be in contact one with the other; the earth should not, however, be sifted, though the pulverization should be as complete as careful working with the spade can make it. For most plants the pot should be as small as may be to contain the roots, to the end that the plant may be repotted into one a size or two larger, in a month or six weeks afterward; and the greatest care should be exercised to give good and sufficient drainage. This last point is the most important of all. No plant will thrive if the earth in which it grows, either from its own tenacity or from other circumstances, causes the water to remain and stagnate on its surface. This drainage is usually secured by means of a small quantity, say a handful, of potshreds, placed in the bottom of the pot. It must not always be considered good when the water passes readily and quickly into the saucer below, though when this is not the case the drainage is certainly bad. Sometimes, when the ball of earth is hard and close and almost impervious to liquids, a passage is made between it and the pot, either by a superabundance of roots or by the movements of earth-worms, and the water passes off without moistening the earth at all except a little on the sides. The pots should not be entirely filled with earth, but enough space should be left at the top to contain, at one time, sufficient water to moisten the earth throughout. After the plants have been potted they should be well watered over the top and set in the shade for about a week.

Many of the plants which make a very beautiful show in the garden, have little or no beauty during the winter, remaining, unless injuriously stimulated, in a semi-torpid state during the whole season. These and some others, for which there is not room in the windows, may be very successfully kept in a warm, dry cellar, provided they are watered very seldom and very sparingly. The health of plants in such a

situation will be very much strengthened and confirmed by the admission of plenty of fresh air, whenever there is no danger of freezing. But though most plants may be preserved in a cellar, a common garden frame, which is very simple and costs but a trifle, is much better. No cultivator of flowers who has even a few feet of open ground should be without one; for, there are very few species of plant which may not be well kept in them.

Another duty which should be discharged during this month, is the preparation of the garden beds intended for hardy bulbs, &c., such as hyacinths, crown-imperials, crocuses, daffodils, snowdrops, and lilies. These and all other bulbs, corms, and tubers, which can withstand our winters, should be planted in October. They all flourish best in a deep, rich, loamy soil, which should be prepared at least one month beforehand, that the different materials may become in some degree homogeneous before the reception of the bulbs. A covering during the winter of five or six inches of dry litter, which should be removed very early in the spring, will be found to be serviceable.

There is one class of plants which form very pretty and enlivening objects for the window of a drawing or living room during the cold weather, that are rarely cultivated in this country. I allude to those called cryptogamic, such as the smaller lycopodiums, mosses, and ferns. These will require but very little care or attention if grown in ornamental vases and under close glass covers. The larger varieties are planted in exceedingly small pots, as shown in figures 1 and 2, while the smaller do not require pots, but merely a little loose earth. Figure 2 represents a vase and its bell glass cover; figure 1 is a transverse section of the same. The upper edge of the vase has a groove for the reception of the lower edge of the glass.

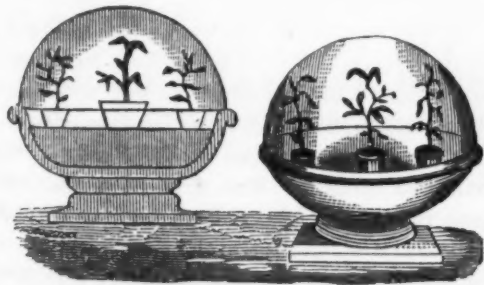


FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

VASES FOR MOSSES.

This groove being kept constantly filled with water makes the junction air-tight. Figure 3 represents a table and vase for growing ferns, &c., upon a somewhat larger scale. The top of the table may be from two to three feet

wide; the extension below, which is of smaller diameter and hollow, is for holding the earth in which the plants grow. If the ferns, lycopodiums, and mosses, or their seeds, are planted in thoroughly *moistened* but *not wet* earth, the whole being exposed to the light, and the cover removed only when it becomes



FIG. 3.

VASE FOR GROWING FERNS, ETC.

necessary to clean the glasses, the plants will grow and flourish remarkably for many months, without any further care than what is necessary to prevent their freezing. The influence of the sun causes the moisture from the soil to rise in vapour. The vapour is condensed upon the glass, and, trickling down its sides, remoistens the earth continually. This process is repeated ad infinitum, and the growth of the plant has no other limit than the size of the vase. These contrivances act upon the same principle as the Wardian cases, which, with their history, the philosophy of their action, &c., &c., will form the subject of an article in the next number of the "Floral Calendar." I had intended to

describe them particularly upon the present occasion, but this article is already quite as long as it should be.

VIOLA TRICOLOUR.

BOTANICAL CHARACTERISTICS of the genus:—
Class, PENTANDRIA; Order, MONOGYNIA. Flowers 5-petalled, inferior; calyx 5-leaved or deeply 5-cleft; corolla irregular, usually with a horn behind (this horn is wanting in the tricolour and in some other species); anthers attached by a membranous tip, or slightly cohering; capsule 1-celled, 3-valved, 3 to 5-seeded.

The genus *Viola* is one of the most loose of any which our botanists have determined; very many of what they class as its species violate some one or more of its generic requirements. The natural variations of the species at present under consideration have been very much increased by the artifices of gardeners. A glance of comparison at figure 4 and the flower as it



FIG. 4.

FLORIST'S PANSY.

usually appears when neglected, will make this evident. The former is a good representation of the Tricolour as gardeners wish it, and as they have nearly succeeded in making it. It is the Pansy of the florist. It certainly bears very little resemblance to the lively, little,

saucy-eyed Johnny-jump-up of our childhood, the heart's ease of our maturer years. I am afraid to tell which I think the prettier, lest it be said that my taste is uncultivated; but all judges of plants at horticultural fairs or exhibitions would decide at once in favour of the blossom of figure 4, and reject the unsophisticated heart's ease as unworthy of notice. I agree that in endeavouring to improve flowers, symmetry of form should be the great object, but my idea of what constitutes symmetry in the heart's ease is somewhat different from that generally adopted. A perfect circle is that which gardeners desire to produce, and which is approved by our Pennsylvania Horticultural Society as the standard shape. The other characteristics of a good pansy blossom, as adopted by that society, are, that the petals should be large, broad, and flat, lying upon each other in such a manner as to prevent anything like angles or intersections of this circular outline. From a front view the petals should all appear to be of the same size; the top petals should not wave or bend back; the bottom petal should be broad and two-lobed, and not curving inwards; above an inch in breadth is a good size; the colours should be clear, brilliant, and not changing. The eye should not be too large, and the flower-stalk should be large and stiff rather than slender.

Nothing is easier than the cultivation of the Pansy, if we are satisfied with it nearly as nature formed it, but hardly anything is more difficult than for any one but an experienced florist to manage it so as to make it retain the improvements which the florist has made. It flourishes best in strong, rich earth, in well-drained beds. The light blue sweet-scented Pansy, and some others, will grow and blossom readily in pots in common windows, if not kept too warm. I last winter kept a number of the sweet-scented in the window of a chamber in which there was a good fire for about three hours out of the twenty-four, and for the rest of the time little or none. They maintained very robust health, and about the beginning of March commenced blooming, and gratified me with a constant succession of bloom for more than two months. The first blossoms which appeared were large, well shaped, and exceedingly fragrant, those which came next in succession were less so, and those which opened last seemed destitute of odour, and had dwindled to about one-half the size of the first. I mention this fact as evidence, that to keep good varieties it is necessary for those who have no conveniences but common rooms, every few months to obtain a new supply from some business florist. Their cost is so small that I recommend this course in preference to an attempt to prevent their degenerating.

FASHIONS.



FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

THE latest arrivals from London and Paris do not bring notice of any very striking novelties. Baréges have continued to increase in popularity, the plain being generally dark drabs and pearl gray. The most new of the figured is exceedingly pretty and much admired, but it made its appearance rather too late in the summer to be adopted in this country the present season; it is green, blue, rose, *groseille*, interspersed with large white spots. The forms of corsages are extremely various, and the trimming varies of course to correspond

with the form; for instance, those *à la pompadour* are ornamented *de chicorées*; those in the form of a V have *revers* trimmed with lace, &c. For mourning dresses black barége is very generally worn. If heavier textures are desired, poplin or barpour are fashionable, especially in walking dress.

Glacé taffetas paletots, in light shades, are fashionable for very little girls, the trimmings being either of the same material or narrow galons. These paletots are generally like the frock, especially when the material is plain.



FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

FIG. 5.

Young ladies alone wear mantelets. Barége in very small checks is also fashionable for little girls' dresses, the bottom of the frock being festonné in silk.

Toile de Chine, silk *ecrue*, or nankeen, are in vogue for little boys' blouses, the two former, embroidered *en soutache*, either green or cerise. The trousers are very short, with little boots of the same material as the blouse, or long gaiters.

The little jackets are of cachmere or velvet, trimmed on the edges with braid. The sleeves are open in the form of a V, to show the shirt sleeves, which are trimmed at the wrist; white waistcoat; leghorn cap.

FIGURE 1.—*Home toilette*. This dress pos-

sesses the same elegant simplicity, and though differing materially in details, has the same general exquisite effect as that which we figured in the May number. It is a robe of transparent muslin, richly embroidered, and worn over an under dress of rose taffetas. It is trimmed all round with a double rose-coloured riband, placed *en volant*, and gathered at the head, where it is attached to the robe. Sleeves demi-long, and trimmed with ribbon volants. Corsage opening *en <*. Chemisette and under sleeves of lace. White lace mits.

The hair is turned back, puffing all round. At the crown is affixed a very little cap of lace and a nœud of rose-coloured riband with long ends.



FIG. 7.

FIG. 8.

FIG. 6.

FIGURE 2.—*Toilette de Ville*.—Walking dress. Bonnet of white crape bordered all round by a close and narrow garland of oak foliage. It is also surmounted with a crown of the same. The collar consists of four rows of crape.

The robe is of green adine, with a white ground, and stripes of alternate red and yellow. Corsage gathered *en droit fil*, with the stripes perpendicular; double sleeves *en bias*, pinked in large notches, and finished with *ruches* of taffetas; the skirt is trimmed with four broad

biased flounces, pinked in broad scollops, and trimmed also with *ruches* like the sleeves. The *ruches*, like the material of the dress, are of three colours, white, yellow, and red, alternating thus: on one scollop the ruche is red, on the next yellow, on the next white, and so on. Gloves yellow.

FIGURE 3.—For a miss of twelve years. A straw hat trimmed with green riband. The riband is tied in a flat, puffed bow in front, and has very long ends, which fall down very far behind.

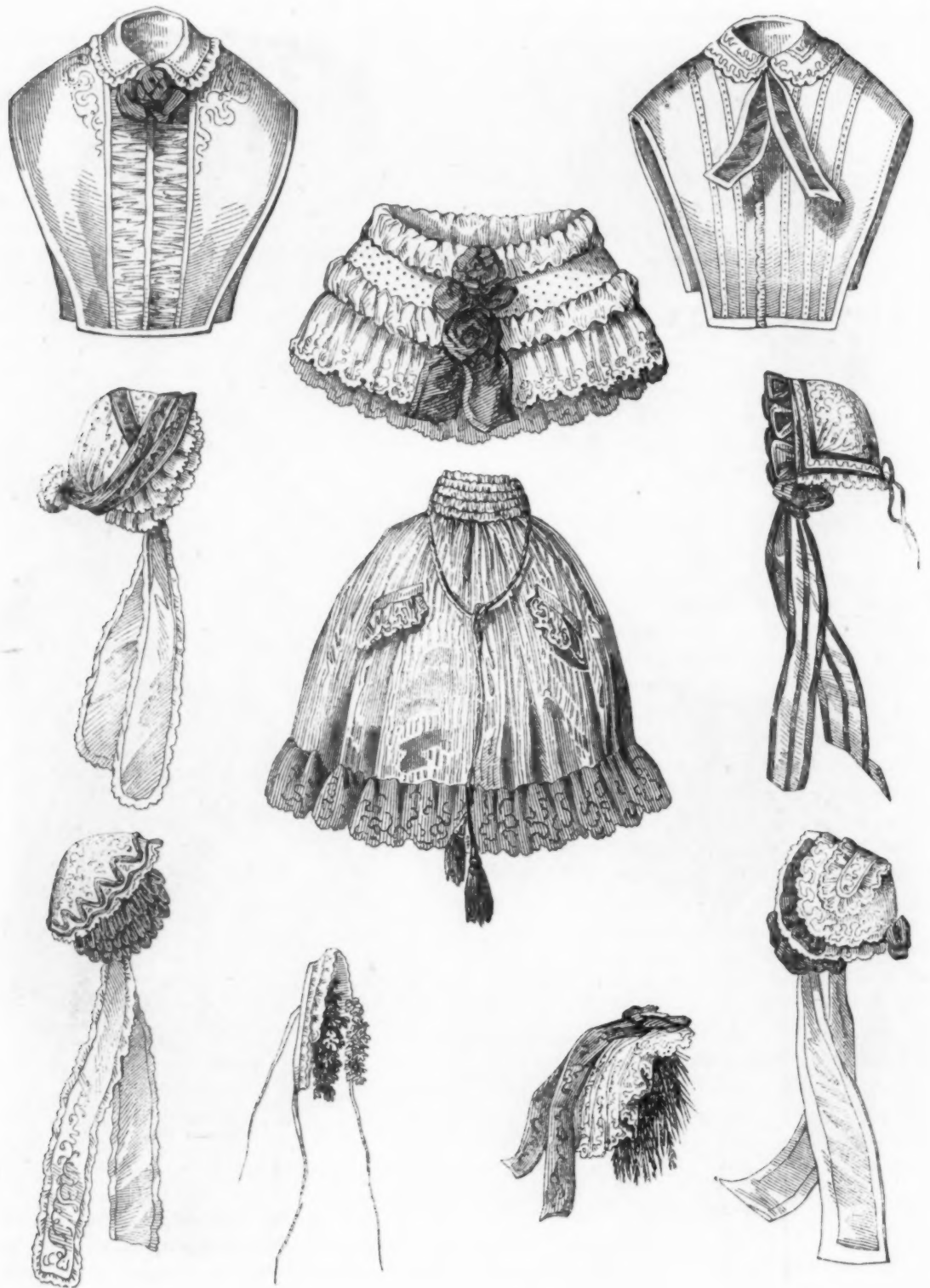


FIG. 14.

The frock is of white percale. Corsage declining gradually, gathered at the lower part, and trimmed with a berthe, edged with embroidered scollops surmounted by open thread lace. Sleeves short, with similar trimming. The skirt has four parallel rows of embroidery, and is edged with embroidered scollops surmounted by palm work.

FIGURE 4.—For a little boy of seven years.

Plain muslin collar and rose-coloured crape cravat. Blouse of any suitable material, dark brown, cut very short in the skirt, opening on the right, with a square lapel fastened at the shoulder with three buttons. This opening extends to within two or three inches of the waist, and has two rows of stitching near the edge and about two inches from it. The sleeves are a little large, and short enough to leave



FIG. 9.



FIG. 10.



FIG. 11.



FIG. 12.

room for a full puff of the white under-sleeves to appear below. The under-sleeves are fastened at the wrist by a tight band. The pantalets are white, embroidered at the bottom, and so short as barely to cover the knees. Black gaiters, buttoned their whole length.

FIGURE 5.—*Home toilette*. Robe of rose taffetas, with many narrow stripes. Corsage *décolleté*, making a pretty appearance through the transparent canezou which surmounts it.

The short sleeves, reaching nearly to the elbow, are cut bias and trimmed with a volant at the end. The skirt is trimmed with a single broad bias flounce, gathered at the head, and the swell of the gathers extending quite to the foot.

The canezou is of white tulle, high behind, and opening square across in front. The intermediate embroidery is worked very thick, and becomes looser and thinner upon the neck, upon

which the lace edging is placed almost flat. Upon the chest, that part which forms the *V* is of *tulle uni*, and drawn to form bouillons. The *V* has an edging of lace a little gathered; below a narrow bouillon at the shoulder are two rows of lace, and then a small embroidered revers, also trimmed with two rows of lace, of which the lowest extends to the lower point of the *canezon*, which is fastened to the waist by a *nœud* of riband with long *brides*. At each shoulder there is also a *nœud* with similar ends.



FIG. 13.

FIGURE 6.—*Toilette d'intérieur*. This figure shows a pink, transparent, muslin *pegnoir*, with an open skirt, rounded a little in front at the bottom, and trimmed with nine narrow flounces, three of which ascend the opening of the skirt to the waist, from which point the three frills which trim the *pelerine* seem to be a continuation of them. All the flounces are very full and extend one over another. The sleeves are *demi-long*, not tight, and swelling out below so as to exhibit the arm. They are trimmed like the *pelerine* with three frills. Under *jupe* and *chemisette* are both richly embroidered. The coiffure is a small round lace cap with *nœuds* of pink taffetas riband with long *brides*, on each side. Belt of similar riband with long streamers. Blue parasol, without fringe. Black lace mits.

FIGURE 7.—*Toilette of a young lady*. A skirt of green and white plaid, trimmed its whole length with narrow tucks. The body is of plaited muslin, very high, and finished round

the neck with embroidered muslin insertion. Sleeves long, straight, plaited, and finished with insertion like that round the neck.

FIGURE 8.—The child's dress is of taffetas glacé, of any light shade, trimmed in front with revers of lace and crossings of puffed riband. Short sleeves, also trimmed with riband and lace.

FIGURE 9, is a very beautiful novelty in the way of coiffure. The back hair is parted and twisted into five circular coils, which are fastened just above the nape of the neck, each being ornamented at its centre with a large-headed diamond pin; that of the middle coil having a star-head, and the others large flat round heads. The front hair is arranged in two flat *bandeaux*, the ends of which are plaited and fastened under the middle coil at the back of the head. The wreath is of grass, frosted so as to have the appearance of being covered with dew.

FIGURE 10, is a coiffure for full dress. The hair is arranged in spiral twists round the back of the head. The spaces between these twists are occupied by rows of lace, with a wreath of small pink *convolvulus* over each. From the right side of the head depends a lace lappet, a spray of brilliants being affixed to the corresponding place on the left.

FIGURE 11, is an opera coiffure, possessing a novelty and an elegant simplicity peculiarly its own. The front hair descends in broad plain *bandeaux* on each side of the face; the back hair being arranged either in plaits or twists. Upon the *bandeaux* is affixed a beautiful wreath of berries and foliage, mounted upon a crimson stem. The berries are made of clusters of pearls, and the foliage of green chenille. A plume of white ostrich feathers and two lace lappets descending over the neck, complete this unique and tasteful coiffure.

FIGURE 12, represents a black lace mantelet, lined with lilac silk, and trimmed with a row of broad black lace, set on full, and headed by a quilling of lilac riband. This mantelet is much smaller than those which have previously appeared, and is, on that account, well adapted to carriage costume.

FIGURE 13 is a circular or crowned cap of rich Honiton lace. It descends rather lower at the ears than round caps usually do. A wreath of jasmine passes round the crown, and a bouquet, consisting of a blown rose with buds and foliage, surrounded by intermingled jasmine and heath, droops on one side. This cap is adapted to either dinner or evening dress.

FIGURE 14.—A great variety of the latest patterns of spencers, collars, capes, caps, aprons, head-dresses, &c.

A. B. C.

EDITORIAL.

Arts and Artists.

Charles Lock Eastlake, R. A.—One of the subjects engraved for our present number, the "*Christ weeping over Jerusalem*," is regarded by many as the best of this artist's productions. It is intended as an illustration of the text, "*O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not.*" It is full of little incidental passages, beautifully and unobtrusively introduced in aid of the meaning and prevailing sentiment of the picture, but so as not to draw off the attention in the slightest degree from the principal group. Thus we see on one side, in partial obscurity, a hen gathering her young brood about her, as if the accidental presence of those objects had been naturally suggestive at the moment of the touching simile used by the Saviour. In the foreground, doves are quietly feeding on the ripe grain, and in the middle distance, on the opposite side of the picture, is a shepherd conducting his flock, and tenderly bearing in his arms a young lamb that is helpless; while in the deep shadows of the greenwood is a youthful matron with a sportive child she leads by the hand, on the way to the fountain, to supply with water the vase she bears on her head. Along the bottom of the picture is the barren fruit-tree felled and prostrate. Another of Mr. Eastlake's pictures that has obtained great celebrity both in Europe and America is the "*Hagar and Ishmael*," painted for the late Edward L. Carey of Philadelphia. Before sending this work to its destination in the New World the artist placed it in the exhibition of the Royal Academy of London, in 1843, and it at once elicited universal admiration there, as it did the succeeding year in that of the Artists' Fund Society of Philadelphia. This picture was engraved for the "*Diadem*" for 1845. Many others of this artist's works are well known to the American public by the engravings of them that have been published, amongst them three fine mezzotinto prints, from his early works illustrative of Scenes amongst the Italian Banditti. Masaroni and his wife, Marie Grazie, the wife saving her husband's life by interposing her own person between him and a soldier on the opposite side of a lake, whose musket is pointed at the wounded brigand. Marie Grazie watching over the slumbers of her husband. And the last, Masaroni wounded, and dying in the arms of his wife. These three were only a portion of the series painted by him from 1820 to '25, in illustration of similar scenes, and were produced during his sojourn in Italy. The universal popularity of the three prints described induced their reproduction on the stage of one of the largest theatres in London, by means of living actors, &c., in the piece entitled *The Brigand*, the elder Wallack personifying the character of Masaroni.

The works of Mr. Eastlake are essentially different from the prevailing style which characterizes the English school of painting; his pictures are all highly wrought, and entirely without that affectation of free and dashing execution which is the bane of his countrymen. His only effort is how to express the thought best, and mere handling, as it is termed, never occupies his attention at all. He is a native of Plymouth, in England, as were also his contemporary and predecessor, Haydon and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and he was first induced to the study of art by seeing Haydon's painting of the "*Death of Dentatus*." He studied in Italy, and in 1819 visited Greece in company with the now world-famous Barry, whose stupendous work, the new British Houses of Parliament, will render his name immortal. Eastlake has also attained a high station

amongst the literati of his country by several published works, and it is through his translation and notes that Goethe's valuable work on colour was rendered available to the English artist. He was selected as secretary to the "Royal Commission" on the Fine Arts, and has charge of the National Gallery of pictures.

Root's "Crayon Pictures."—We have seen from time to time, during the past few months, various daguerreotype portraits by Mr. Root, of this city, in a style different from the accustomed method, and which cannot fail to strike those educated in the principles of true art as a very decided improvement. He designates likenesses made in this manner as "*Crayon Pictures*," evidently because in general style they resemble the vignette drawings in crayon. The advantage obtained is, that the head becomes the conspicuous and principal object in the picture, and not a subordinate or obscured light, as is not unfrequently the case in daguerreotypes finished out to the full square of the frame. A more appropriate appellation would be *vignette* pictures, for that is what they really are, and it is chiefly because they are so that the superior excellence is obtained. Numerous difficulties present themselves, endangering success, when pictures are produced in the usual way, of gathering into the picture-plane as many objects as possible; and first, in the disproportion of the parts to each other, for whatever is nearest the lens of the camera is unduly enlarged, while the more remote parts are correspondingly decreased in size; hence, unless the operator is judicious in placing his sitter, there is considerable likelihood that the hands, for instance, will be much too large or the forehead too small, and so on. But the main reason why these "*Crayon Pictures*" should be preferred is the unity of effect in them as pictures, the absence of everything that can lead away the eye from that which is principal. In a good *daguerreotype* there is wonderful beauty in the lace, silks, satin, damask patterns on various kinds of drapery, and so forth, and we may dwell on the examination of these objects in delighted admiration, but this beauty of *parts* will not make a good *picture*, which as a whole must have portions subdued and kept down in subordination to others, and these others require to be expressed with all the emphasis and brilliancy possible. A caustic critic was once asked for his applause on a new production of the pencil, (a three-quarter length portrait,) in which everything individually was certainly painted with consummate skill, but was wholly deficient in this essential principle of art—unity of effect and proper "*keeping*." He accorded the praise, but after this manner: the parts were admired singly and in succession, after the draperies, the hands, and last of all he exclaimed, "Why, bless me, here's a *head* too! and how beautifully painted."

With the utmost skill on the part of the operator such is not unfrequently the result in a daguerreotype, but Mr. Root's improvement has removed the difficulty. From whatever point he wills, whether about the neck or shoulders, the lines begin to grow gradually fainter until they disappear entirely in the half tint ground, on which the head seems to be delineated. That which ought of course to be principal is really so, and the head can in this way be made superior, because the time requisite for the perfecting it has not to be varied or changed for fear of spoiling some other portion of the work that would require a different amount of time.

When these heads were first exhibited, and before the *modus operandi* was explained to us, it appeared most mysterious and surprising, but not more so than the effect was admirable.

Books.

Hildreth's History of the United States.—The Messrs. Harper have published three handsome octavo volumes, of nearly six hundred pages each, purporting to be an extended and original work on the History of the United States, by Richard Hildreth. In these three volumes, the history is brought down to the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution. The work will be followed by another, in two volumes, bringing the history from that point down to the present time. The whole project of Mr. Hildreth consequently embraces five large octavo volumes, and a complete history of the United States, from the earliest attempts at colonization to the times in which we live. It is not to be classed, therefore, with the abstracts and compilations of various kinds that have been prepared chiefly as school histories, nor with the numerous flashy productions intended to be hawked about the country by travelling book peddlers. On the contrary, it is an original contribution to American letters, aiming at the dignity of a classic, and to be judged accordingly. It is entitled to respectful consideration, even by those who may not be pleased with the author's manner, or may dissent from his opinions. We have read the first two volumes carefully, and shall state with entire candour, though necessarily with much brevity, the conclusions to which the perusal has led us.

Mr. Hildreth's preface begins with the following sentence: "Of centennial sermons and Fourth-of-July orations, whether professedly such or in the guise of history, there are more than enough." We may not accord to Mr. Bancroft the merit of being a perfect or an entirely impartial historian; but his performance is certainly neither a centennial sermon nor a Fourth-of-July oration, and Mr. Hildreth does not, in our minds at least, create a favourable impression in his own behalf, by beginning his work in such a tone of disparagement of the works of others. "It is due to our fathers and ourselves," he goes on to say, "it is due to truth and philosophy, to present for once, on the historic stage, the founders of our American nation unbedaubed with patriotic rouge, wrapped up in no fine-spun cloaks of excuses and apology, without stilts, buskins, tinsel, or bedizenment!" Certainly this savours more of the slang sometimes found in those same "Fourth-of-July orations" than of the dignity of a classic historian. Besides, a writer who sets out with a predetermination thus to qualify and curtail the praises of those who are to be the subjects of his history, will in the end very likely not do them even justice. We have risen from the perusal of these volumes with the impression that Mr. Hildreth has not done justice to the founders of the North American Colonies, and particularly to the founders of New England. We do not charge him with any direct misrepresentation of facts; but he seems to dwell with complacency on all those circumstances which may tend to make the "pilgrim fathers" odious, while he fails to bring out in fair relief those other parts of their history which entitle them to the reverence of posterity. The author has been so fearful of being eulogistic that he has hardly been just.

As a narrator, Mr. Hildreth has succeeded worse than indifferently. He lacks entirely the art of telling a story. On the other hand, he never indulges in any of those generalizations which constitute the true philosophy of history, and which sometimes compensate for the absence of sprightly narrative. Neither does he attempt description of scenes or delineation of individual character. His book is in short a chronological digest of the historical facts, sifted apparently with minute care and industry, and stated consecutively in a series of sentences grammatically correct, but nowhere enlivened by the imagination, without any of the graces of rhetoric, and without a particle of that generous and contagious enthusiasm which such a subject ought to awaken. We should not much misstate our impressions of the work by describing it as—a Chronological Index carefully written out.

Grace Dudley, or Arnold at Saratoga.—By Charles J. Peterson. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. Mr. Peterson

merits high rank as an historical novelist. He makes himself well acquainted with the historical characters and facts to be illustrated, and has the skill to combine them harmoniously with the materials professedly fictitious. His plot is as elastic as though unembarrassed with "fixed facts," and yet those facts, while subserving in every part the purposes of the fiction, are nowhere distorted. His conceptions of character are good, and his descriptions, particularly of battle scenes or of any exciting action, are such as never fail to stir up the blood. The characters of Arnold and of Gates are delineated in the present volume with fine discrimination, and we think with historical justice. The battles of Stillwater and of Behm's Heights are truly Scott-like in dramatic effect.

Gieseler's Ecclesiastical History.—A Compendium of Ecclesiastical History. By Dr. John C. L. Gieseler, Professor of Theology in Gottingen. Translated from the German by Samuel Davidson, LL.D., Professor of Biblical Literature in the Lancashire Independent College. New York: Harper & Brothers. This is a work of extraordinary research even for a German. One is amazed in looking through the chapters at the immense erudition everywhere displayed. The work has an air of honesty and impartiality. It is of the nature of a text-book, to be studied or consulted, and therefore not attractive as a work of general reading. It is an important addition to our stock of theological literature. We are not informed of the extent of the work, but presume it will be not less than four or five octavo volumes. The two volumes already received bring the history down to the year A. D. 1073.

Southey's Common-Place Book.—Edited by his son-in-law, John Wood Warter. New York: Harper & Brothers. 416 pp. 8vo. No one who has ever read "The Doctor" but will feel some curiosity to see what the author of such a work scraped together into his "Common-Place Book." This publication consists of choice passages, moral, religious, political, philosophical, historical, poetical, and miscellaneous, which the great poet Southey thought worthy of being transcribed. It is a real literary "Curiosity Shop." Its value is much increased by the apt headings prefixed to the extracts by the editor, where such headings were wanting, and by the well-digested and perspicuous index at the end of the volume.

Abbot's Julius Caesar.—New York: Harper & Brothers. Mr. Abbot is becoming quite a Plutarch. "Abbot's Lives" have in fact not a few striking points of resemblance to those of the old Greek biographer—anecdotic, personal, free from all repulsive erudition, minute in the narrative of particulars, and yet concise as a whole by the selection of only a few topics and the rigorous exclusion of whatever is not necessary to the explication of these. With all his excellencies, however, Mr. Abbot allows himself to be at times rather careless. "Cato laid down upon his bed and stabbed himself," p. 221. "Caesar, with the characteristic boldness and energy of his character," p. 195. The following sentence is not only ungrammatical, but obscure to such a degree that, although we have studied over it for half an hour, we are not right sure that we comprehend its meaning, or that it has a meaning. "Such minds only can appreciate the character and action which exhibits itself, as nearly all that is described in these volumes does, in close combination with the conduct and policy of governments, and the great events of international history," p. 8.

Easy Introduction to Spanish Conversation.—By M. Velazquez de la Cadena. New York: D. Appleton & Co. A convenient little manual, designed for persons who have little time to study or are their own instructors.

Lady Alice, or the New Una.—New York: D. Appleton & Co. This is said to be an American book. We doubted it, not only because it was published in England before its appearance here, but because there is nothing American about it. Every idea in the book is intensely English. Still, as the publishers are understood to assert positively an American paternity, we acquiesce. As to its merits, we hardly know what to say. Its faults are so many.

that to point them out and dwell upon them as they deserve, is to give the work a degree of attention to which it has no legitimate title. We do not recollect ever to have read a work of fiction from the perusal of which we rose with such a painful sense of having wasted our time.

Ansley's Elements of Literature.—Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Mr. Ansley defines Literature to be "the art of composing works of genius and forming a correct judgment of them." His work, in accordance with this definition, (which by the way strikes us as very questionable,) is a systematic treatise on Rhetoric and Criticism, intended as a text-book for schools.

Burleigh's Poems.—The Maniac and other Poems. By George Sheppard Burleigh. Philadelphia: J. W. Moore. 240 pp. 12mo. Our readers are already partially acquainted with Mr. Burleigh's peculiarities as a writer by his contributions to our pages. Some of the poems, however, in the present volume take a much higher range than any which we have given. The "Maniac," the leading poem in the book, contains some passages of great power and originality, and wild enough almost to engender "mania" in one of sound mind. If, when composing the "Skeleton Dance," the author's eyes were not "in a fine frenzy rolling," it is more than we dare to aver of at least one of his readers. Mr. Burleigh throughout his writings gives the reader a strong and pleasing impression of his love for human rights, reminding us in this respect of Whittier, though differing from him widely enough in other particulars. Mr. Burleigh deals much—too much we think—in abstractions, oftentimes mere verbal abstractions. He possesses indeed an extraordinary facility for generalizing concrete expressions, and indulges it at the expense of simplicity. On the other hand, by this very facility he sometimes produces his most striking effects. We would instance the fall of Donald (pp. 50, 51) from the precipice "into the soundless, everlasting down," which without being in the slightest degree in imitation of Milton's journey through chaos, yet contains passages truly Miltonic.

Carlyle's Translation of Dante.—A Literal Prose Translation of the Inferno of Dante, with the original text and explanatory notes. By John A. Carlyle, M.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 375 pp. 12mo., with a portrait. Heretical as the opinion may be, we prefer a literal prose translation of such a work as the Inferno to one in verse. Mr. Carlyle's version has been made on sound principles, and with a desire to free the subject from some part of the enormous superincumbent mass of learning accumulated over it by an affected dilettantism. By means of this version the mere English reader may in a half day gain some definite ideas of what the "Divina Commedia" is; and imperfect and inadequate as those ideas are, they are yet worth more, and go farther towards a comprehension of the subject, than all he will get by a month's reading in any other way. Mr. Carlyle's arguments, prefixed to the several cantos, and his brief foot-notes, are all in keeping with his main design, which is not to make a parade of learning, but to assist the unlearned reader.

Beecher's Pictures of the Virgin and her Son.—The Incarnation, or Pictures of the Virgin and her Son. By Charles Beecher. With an Introductory Essay, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. New York: Harper & Brothers. 227 pp. 12mo. Mr. Beecher has endeavoured, and we think with success, by the use of legitimate helps, to fill out the scenes and events that are described with such brevity in the gospel narrative. It strikes us as a new and ingenious mode of using biblical and geographical learning in commending the great truths of the New Testament to the "business and bosoms" of men. We hope the work may be the precursor of many more in the same vein.

Ruxton's Life in the Far West.—This is truly one of the most stirring descriptions of "Life in the Far West" which has yet been given to the public. It appeared originally as a series of papers in Blackwood's Magazine. During its publication in that periodical, the wildness of the adventures excited suspicions as to their truth. The author

consequently adduced evidence of the genuineness of his scenes and characters. He assures us there is no incident in the book which has not actually occurred, not a character who is not well known in the Rocky Mountains. The work is published in handsome style by Harper & Brothers in one volume, 12mo., 235 pp., paper covers. Price 37½ cents.

Chalmers's Posthumous Works.—Harper & Brothers have issued, uniformly with the previous volumes, the sixth volume of Chalmers's Posthumous Works. Edited by the Rev. William Hanna, LL. D. The present volume consists of sermons preached at various dates from 1798 to 1847, and arranged with a view to illustrate the author's ministerial character at successive stages. They furnish a novel and valuable commentary on his life. They show not only the gradual development of his extraordinary intellect, but great changes of theological opinion and even of religious experience, which one that knew him only in his later days can hardly realize. The volume is a valuable addition to our theological literature.

Cross's Mirror of Intemperance.—The Mirror of Intemperance, and History of the Temperance Reform. By the Rev. Marcus E. Cross. Philadelphia: John T. Lange. 240 pp. 12mo. Mr. Cross has given in this volume some history of the temperance movement, a pretty fair summary of the arguments used on this subject, temperance anecdotes, poetry, &c., with an account of the various Orders of Temperance, and an argument in their behalf.

Wild Western Scenes.—A Narrative of Adventures in the Western Wilderness. By Luke Shortfield. Philadelphia: Grigg, Elliott, & Co. 270 pp. 12mo. Mr. Shortfield is one of those who think that the true California, the region of adventure and of wealth, is to be found nearer home than the shores of the Pacific—in the forests of Kentucky and the prairies of Missouri and Illinois. It is in these now midland regions, therefore, that he has laid the scene of his narrative, the principal topic of discourse being the exploits of Daniel Boone, the great pioneer of the West.

Vicar of Wakefield.—Illustrated Edition. Messrs. Hogan & Thompson of this city have recently published an exceedingly beautiful edition of this noble classic. It is in the shape of a small quarto or square 12mo., and is illustrated with two illuminated and ten tinted engravings, all from original designs by Devereux. The illuminations are in the style of those which appeared last year in Read's Female Poets, the Leaflets, &c., by the same artist. They are indeed exquisite specimens of art. The engravings in tint are similar in style to those which we have been publishing in this Magazine, but printed with a greater variety of colours. They are strictly illustrative of the text, and in fact tell the story at once to the eye.

Paul and Virginia.—Illustrated Edition. The same publishers have produced this work also in the style just described. There are in this no less than fifteen full page tinted engravings, and both they and the illuminated pages are, if possible, superior to those in the Vicar of Wakefield. The designs in these two works are enough to make the reputation of the artist, if he had not been already well known. We know not to whom we are indebted for the other typographical arrangements of these books; but the hand of taste is discernible throughout the whole, from the title page to the termination. They are altogether among the very best specimens of American book-making that we have ever seen.

Leni-Leoti, or Adventures in the Far West, a sequel to the Prairie Flower. By Emerson Bennett. Cincinnati: Stratton & Barnard. 117 pp. 8vo.

Celeste, the Pirate's Daughter.—A Tale of the Southwest. By Eliza A. Dupuy. Cincinnati: Stratton & Barnard. 152 pp. 8vo.

Diana of Meridor, or the Lady of Monsoreau. By Alexander Dumas. 2 vols. 8vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. Translated by Henry William Herbert.

TO THE PUBLIC.

We commenced our present undertaking with the determination to avoid controversy if possible. We felt confident of being able to win for ourselves a competent patronage without interfering with that of others. Our gain is not necessarily their loss. Of this there can be no stronger proof than the fact that the two other leading Magazines have never enjoyed a higher prosperity than during the present year. Such we know to be the case with our friend Graham, and we rejoice most sincerely and heartily in the fact. We believe it to be also substantially true of our other neighbour. Such at least are his own assertions, and we see no reason to call them in question. He claims a larger list than he ever had before, and we have never wished him a less one. But when assertions to our special disparagement are made month after month by our neighbour, not only in his editorial columns, but on his cover, and in his advertisements, and in private circulars issued only to distant members of the press, we feel it incumbent on us to notice briefly some of the points at issue. We shall endeavour to do it in good temper, and to do it once for all, as we have no disposition to discuss the matter over again every month that our contemporary, on the occasion of his losing 5,000 subscribers, may chance to feel particularly unamiable.

FASHION PLATES.—The whole question is in a nut-shell. Are the fashion plates of a Magazine intended as embellishments, or are they for information? To state this question is to answer it. As a mere embellishment, a Fashion Plate, coloured or uncoloured, on wood or on steel, is contemptible in any Magazine professing to be a work of Art. Only imagine a Plate of the Fashions placed for exhibition in the Academy of Fine Arts, or in the gallery of the Art-Union! Fashion Plates are of the nature of news. The lady who wishes to dress fashionably, does not ask what *was* worn, but what *is*. She does not want in 1849 the fashions of 1848, nor in August those of April. Paris is the acknowledged centre of the Mode, whence all fashions primarily originate. Any periodical which employs a process of "Americanizing" them, that requires from three to six months, can only be compared to a newspaper that should persist in importing its files of foreign news by the old line of Liverpool packets, instead of using the steamer and the telegraph. A wood cut, giving the fashions with the minutest accuracy, can be completed in three or four days after the arrival of a steamer. To execute the same on steel, and then colour it, for a large edition, requires as many months. This is what we said in the last Number, and we have since had a striking proof of it. Our neighbour, who makes his fashions a leading feature in his work, and who makes a great ado about the expense of his fashion plates, published in his August number a plate, the same, line for line, point for point, figure for figure, that we gave in May. They are both taken without change from "*Le Moniteur de la Mode*." We presume they were both commenced here on the same day. Ours was given to the public in May. His, with all his exertions, could not be brought out till August. We have no doubt that in like manner other fashions, which we have been giving during the summer, will be gradually brought out by him in the course of the fall and winter. And yet he seems to think it a hard case that some *will* buy our Fashions, and that every body will *not* buy his, because, forsooth, his have cost him so much. People do not want a fashion plate three or four months behind the time, no matter what it costs to the producer. The buyer asks the worth of an article, not its cost. As well might the publisher of a newspaper ask you to buy his extra, and throw himself on your compassion, because he has spent several hundred dollars in hiring a man to bring the news on foot all the way from New Orleans! We expend money on our Magazine as freely as others. But we choose methods of investment that will bring a better return both to ourselves and our readers. If others prefer adhering to the old antiquated method, we shall not object.

EXTRA PAGES.—We have never supposed that the public valued a Magazine by the amount of paper it gives them. We would as soon tempt them to buy rye whiskey instead of Port or Madeira, because the same money which buys

a pint of the latter would buy a gallon of the former. Literature and Art, we suppose, are estimated by quality not by quantity. The reader who seeks his shilling's worth in the latter sense, is advised by all means to buy the cheap "Reprints," where for a quarter he can get as many pages as are in any two or three of the Magazines. We have occasionally given "extra pages," but it was only because there was some special press of matter, or some articles particularly seasonable that could not otherwise appear. We have, however, never given less than we promised, as our neighbour month after month roundly asserts. We promised sixty four pages a month. We have sometimes given more, but we have never given less. Our neighbour, who boasts so much of his "extra pages," forgets to add, that his regular standard is only forty-eight pages. A number of his Magazine with "12 extra pages!!!" is after all less by four pages than "Sartain" without extra. But no matter. This is a point which we shall never contest with him. We aim to give the best matter, not the most.

WOOD CUTS.—Our neighbour sneers at our use of wood cuts. We use them because for the sake of real illustration, as in the discussion of works of Art, and in the Fashion and Floral articles, they are by all odds better adapted to the purpose than anything else yet invented. They are now used for this purpose by every Magazine of Art of any standing, and by none so freely as by those that stand highest, as the London Art-Journal. Those wood cuts that we use as embellishments, such as Darley's illustrations of Utopia, are themselves works of Art, and among the most expensive embellishments a Magazine can use. For each of these we pay fifty dollars, fifteen for the design, and thirty-five for the engraving; while worn-out London steel engravings, such as some that we could name, may be bought by the ton at any price, from twenty-five dollars apiece down to the price of old iron. The "agent in Europe," of whom so much has been said, has in fact already sent over more of these same second-hand plates than his employers can use, and a large lot of them was recently offered to us at the rate of twenty-five dollars apiece—which we declined.

IMITATION.—In common with our contemporaries, we are perpetually charged by our neighbour with "imitating" his plans. As the allegation is always couched in general terms, we can only meet it with a general denial, except to admit that he publishes one magazine and we publish another. We certainly have never copied his "fashion plates." His principal cause of discontent seems to be that we will *not*. All we ask on this score is that he will not copy ours, of which there have been some symptoms. Let him stick to his "coloured" fashions and leave us the "wood-cuts," at which he is pleased to sneer so much. We as certainly have never copied his "treasury." If we cannot attract distinguished names to our list of contributors by the liberality of our prices or the respectability of our Magazine, we assuredly shall not try to gain the appearance of it by taking extracts from authors of great name and so mixing them up in our table of contents that they shall seem to be original. We should be restrained from such a course by motives of interest at least, if not of self-respect. We believe that readers and editors are not so simple-hearted as they sometimes have credit for, and that they are much oftener disgusted than cheated by trickery of this kind. Once more, let us say, we have not copied our friend's "model furniture," "model cottages," &c. Neither has this been for fear of incurring the "expense." There are artisans enough, in every walk of industrial enterprise, who would gladly furnish not only the designs but the descriptions, and even the engravings, at their own expense, for the privilege of having them inserted with their name in the Magazine. We have had repeated offers of this kind, and have invariably declined them, not wishing to turn the Magazine into an engine for puffing marketable wares. We know there is no disputing of tastes; but we may say in conclusion, that if we did feel inclined to "imitate" anybody, we should certainly not look for a model to a Magazine whose illustrations are of the kind we have described, and most of whose articles are either gratuitous or filched. JOHN SARTAIN & CO.

CLIPPINGS FROM OUR LATE EXCHANGES.

The custom of publishers puffing their own books and periodicals has become so prevalent, that we prefer giving the opinions of the press. We might also fill half our pages, monthly, with extracts of letters from our kind patrons, in which they give us the preference to all other magazines. Such a course would, however, in the end lead to as great an abuse as self-laudation, and we shall, therefore, content ourselves with the following complimentary notices from our exchanges.

"This is one of the best periodicals of the country, and is fast winning its way into public favour, and this, through its own intrinsic merit, rather than by the more popular way of puffing and braggadocio. If any of our readers wish to obtain a magazine, uniting beautiful embellishment with excellent reading matter, we recommend to them 'Sartain's Union Magazine.'"—*Washtenaw Whig*.

"Sartain improves with every number. His purpose seems to have been to disappoint his patrons by doing much more for them than he promised in his outset."—*Banner, Camden, Ala.*

"Sartain's Magazine, for August, surpasses all its former issues, in the beauty and brilliancy of its engravings, and the superiority of its contents. Sartain will be ahead of all competitors in his engravings—the 'Serenade' being almost the perfection of art."—*Valley, Connorsville, Ind.*

"The literary character of this publication is of a high order. It aims far beyond the frivolous and vitiating stuff that disgraces some of the periodicals of the day; and gives the reader pure, elevating, and healthful intellectual food, which while it entertains the mind, elevates the heart and refines the feelings. In its embellishments, it has decided advantages. Sartain is himself an artist of acknowledged merit, and therefore knows how to select subjects for the embellishment of his Magazine."—*Gazette and Democrat, Reading.*

"Sartain is determined to go ahead of all his cotemporaries, and, judging by his past and present enterprising spirit he will do it."—*N. J. Mirror.*

"Sartain's Magazine is the best work of the kind published in this country. The engravings are magnificent and the whole work indescribable in point of intrinsic worth."—*Catoctin Whig.*

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"It is not filled with flashy love-tales, describing their characters in such a manner as to encourage the extension of the pernicious, life-destroying fashions which are now the rage, but is a real Magazine of Literature and Art."—*Reflector, Hamilton, O.*

"This Magazine aims high; higher, we think, than either of its two rivals, and, so far, it has been singularly successful."—*Evening Bulletin.*

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